No. 224 July '81

# MAD

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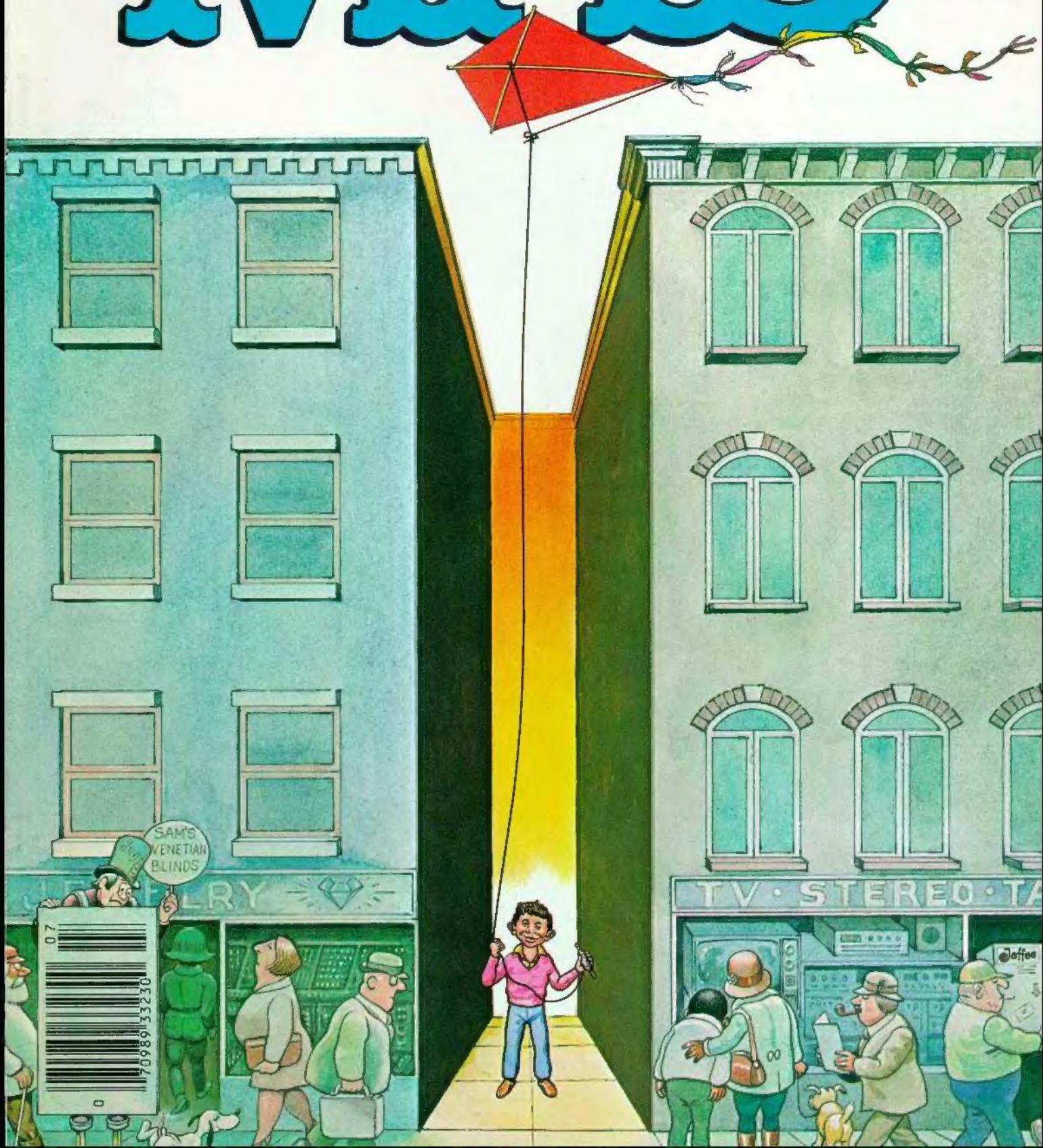

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NUMBER 224 JULY 1981

# MAD

*" 'Economics' is the study that tells you that the best time to buy anything was six months ago!"*—Alfred E. Neuman

**WILLIAM M. GAINES** *publisher* **ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN** *editor*
**LEONARD BRENNER, TOM NOZKOWSKI** *production*
**NICK MEGLIN** *senior editor* **JOHN FICARRA** *associate editor*
**JACK ALBERT** *lawsuits*
**GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, M. C. GAINES** *subscriptions*
**CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS**
*the usual gang of idiots*

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## LETTERS DEPT.

### "UNDRESSED TO KILL"

Hi MAD! You're MAD!!! I loved "Undressed To Kill"! I laughed and loved the artwork. Thanks! (I think . . .)

Angie Dickinson
Los Angeles, CA

Your satire of "Undressed To Kill" was completely stripped of humor and good taste.

Timm Chapman
Calgary, Canada

After reading your satire "Undressed To Kill" it looks as if Angie Dickinson performed her best undercover work *after* she left her Policewoman TV series.

Y. Doodle
Porch, NJ

### EXCUSES, EXCUSES

I felt that Coker and Ficarra did a real *class* job on "Why Didn't You Do Your Homework?"

Deron Wright
Van Nuys, CA

I tried one of the 18 MAD excuses for not doing your homework. It got me detention for a week . . .

John Lynch
Middleville, NY

Excuse #19: I used up my last sheet of paper writing a letter to MAD . . .

Billy Ward Jr.
Washington Township, NJ

Why didn't I do my homework? My job is changing the prices on the signs at a local gas station. I was too busy!!!

Justin Price
Dover, DE

### IS HE KIDDING???

This is a brief, serious note of thanks for your magazine. It is a breath of fresh air in the publishing world. Your sane assessments of social issues makes it one of the few magazines worth reading regularly. You help many see life in perspective. I am a 31-year old and I am not ashamed to admit that I read MAD from cover to cover! Please keep up the high standards, the good work and the fun!

Allan Macveil
Montreal, Canada

### "THAT'S REAL INCREDIBLE, PEOPLE!"

Me and the cast of "Real People" looked through your entire magazine and we couldn't find a satire of our show in it *anywhere!* You sure you guys ran it?

Skip Stephenson
NBC's "Real People"
Burbank, CA

"That's Real Incredible, People!" was the best MAD satire ever! Give Angelo Torres and Dick De Bartolo a two-buck T-shirt!

Mark Schulte
Little Rock, AR

You give it to them! We're cheap!—Ed.

**"That's Incredible!" Exclaimed The Cast Members Of NBC's "Real People" After Reading The Recent MAD TV Satire, "That's Real Incredible, People!"**

### PUNK CALLS US JUNK

You'd have to have a "Heart Of Glass" and a *brain of sand* to enjoy reading your "Punk Rock Group Of The Year" article!

Deborah Harry
New York, NY

**Deborah Harry Reads And Asks . . .**

**. . ."What Is This Crap?"**

PHOTO: STANLEY MOSS

### MAD-ISON AVENUE SUCKER

"We'll Always Be Suckers For Clever Advertising". . . because idiots like me will always buy MAD, no matter what the price, as long as the word "cheap" is on the cover!

Marty Aaronson
New York, NY

### SNAPPY YOKES

Al Jaffee's "Humpty Dumpty Fold-In" really cracked me up!

Mike LaPointe
Racine, WI

Al Jaffee's recipe for laughs: crack one egg and fold-in page. Serves millions.

Marilyn Hemmes
Ridgefield Park, NJ

### RETURN OF "THE BIG CON"???

Frank Jacob's "Now Playing...At The White House" was the best satire to hit the Republican Party since the cover of MAD #171, "The Big Con"!

Jim Ceaplicki
New York, NY

### MAD MONEY

I recently purchased "The MAD Magazine Game" by Parker Brothers, in which the object is to lose your money! However, a much quicker way to lose your money is to fill out a MAD subscription coupon!

Dennis Muego
Westminster, CA

# ALMOST GONE!

**Yessiree, we have almost gone out of our minds, trying to come up with another of those catchy headlines that trick you into reading these idiotic ads offering full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid . . . suitable for framing or wrapping fish . . . so you'll mail 60¢ for one, $1.25 for 3, $2.55 for 9, $5.15 for 27 or $10.35 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022. But . . . we couldn't come up with one!**

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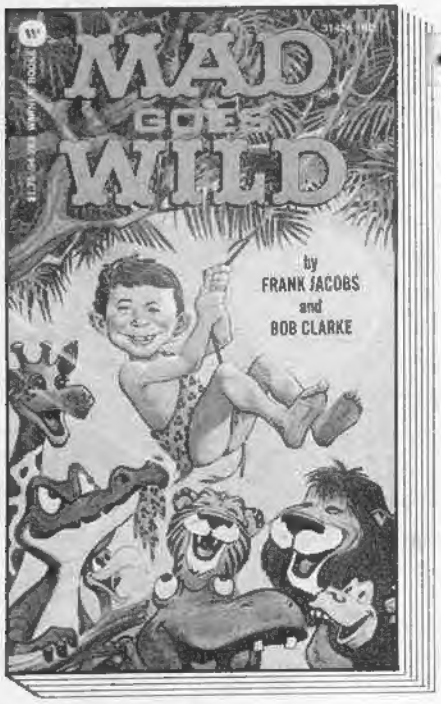


**FIRST**

**CHEW ON THIS SCHTICK ABOUT ANIMAL LIFE!**

**THEN**

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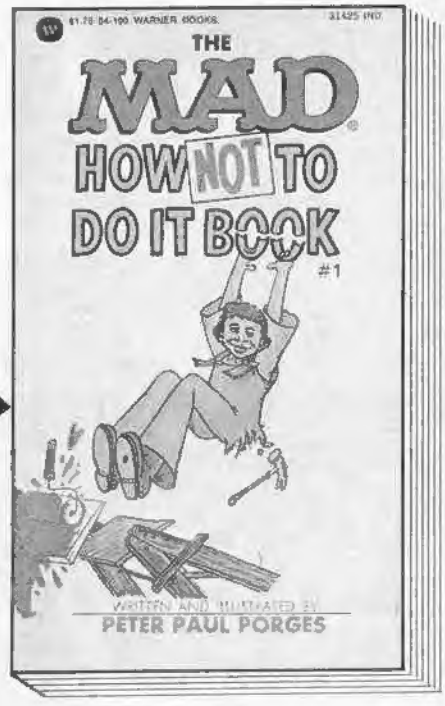


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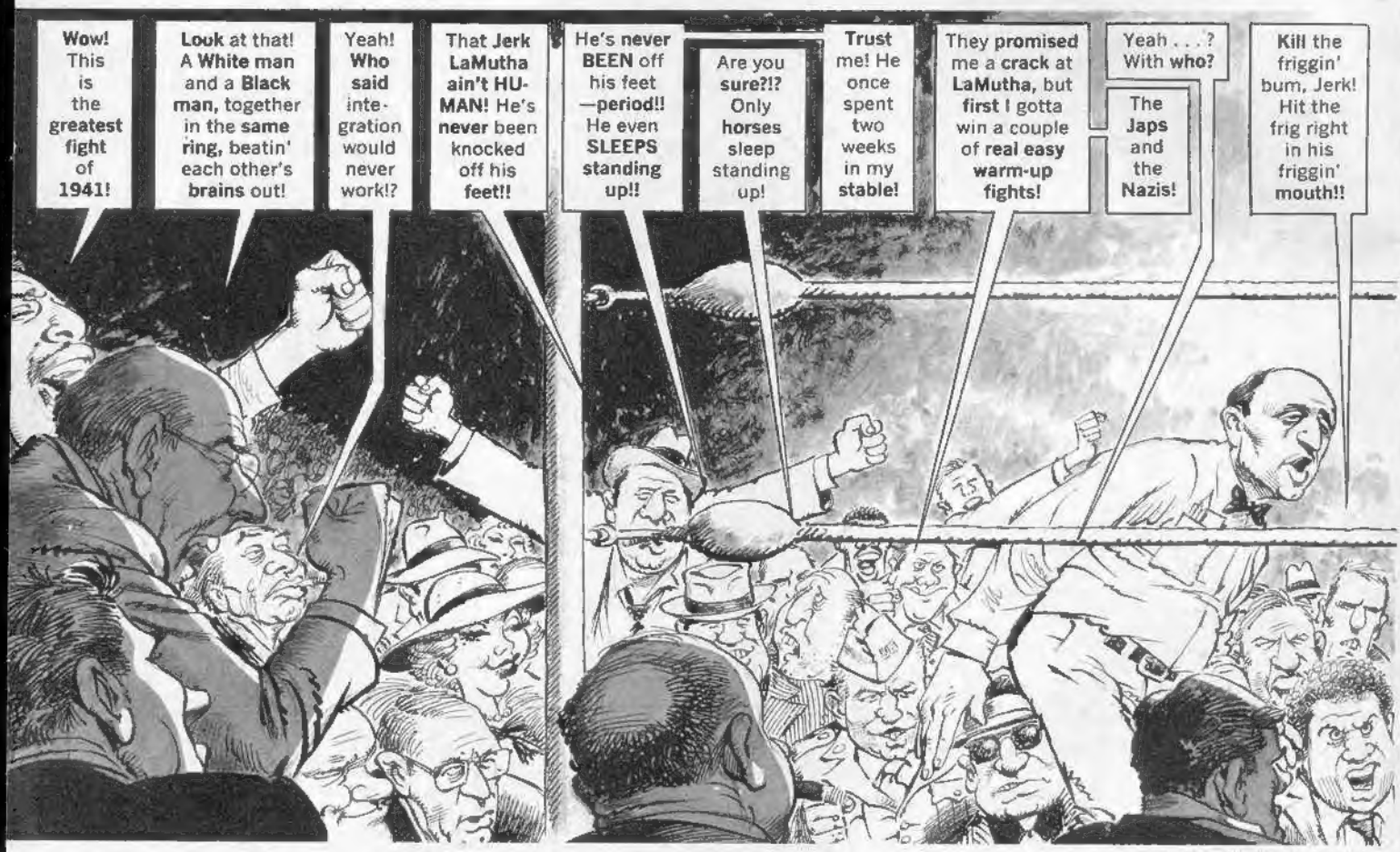
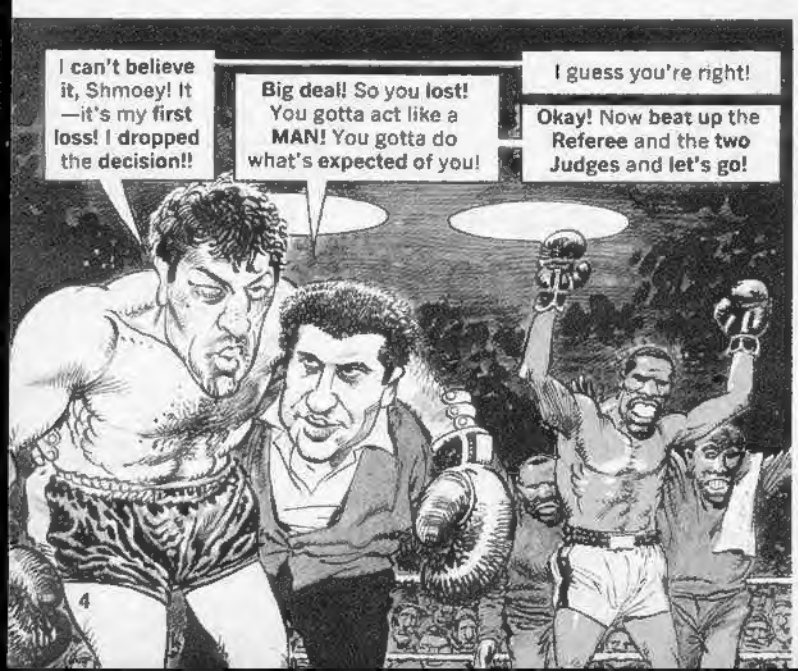
**MUCHO DE NIRO DEPT.**

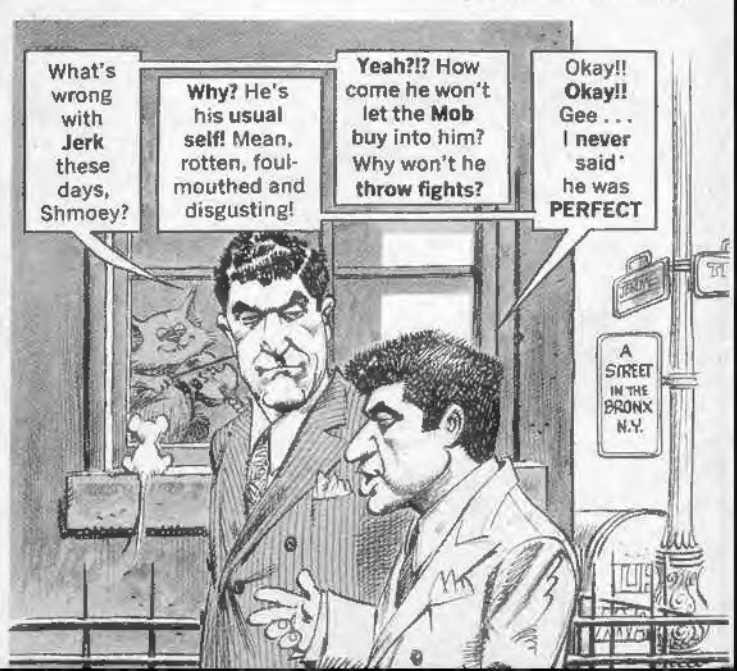
**For as long as we can remember, the plot of a "Fight Picture" was usually very simple. An underprivileged kid starts in the gutter, and blasts his way to the top. Then, along comes the first major Fight Picture of the '80's, and what do we get: an underprivileged kid starts in the gutter, and blasts his way to the sewer! Boy, Hollywood has given us our fair share of "anti-heroes" in the past, but now make way for the "anti-anti-anti hero" affectionately known as the . . .**

# RAVI


Wow! This is the greatest fight of 1941!
Look at that! A White man and a Black man, together in the same ring, beatin' each other's brains out!
Yeah! Who said integration would never work!?
That Jerk LaMutha ain't HU-MAN! He's never been knocked off his feet!!
He's never BEEN off his feet —period!! He even SLEEPS standing up!!
Are you sure?!? Only horses sleep standing up!
Trust me! He once spent two weeks in my stable!
They promised me a crack at LaMutha, but first I gotta win a couple of real easy warm-up fights!
Yeah . . . ? With who?
The Japs and the Nazis!
Kill the friggin' bum, Jerk! Hit the frig right in his friggin' mouth!!

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

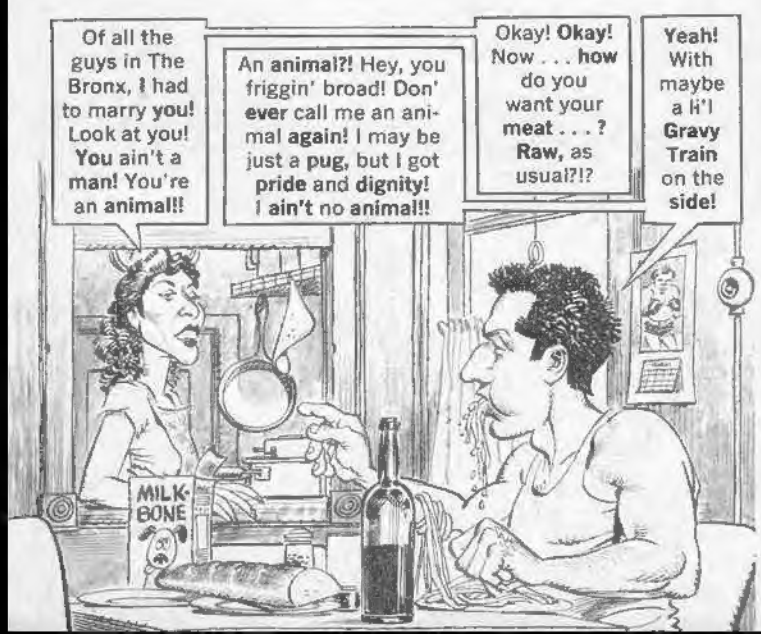

I can't believe it, Shmoey! It —it's my first loss! I dropped the decision!!
Big deal! So you lost! You gotta act like a MAN! You gotta do what's expected of you!
I guess you're right!
Okay! Now beat up the Referee and the two Judges and let's go!

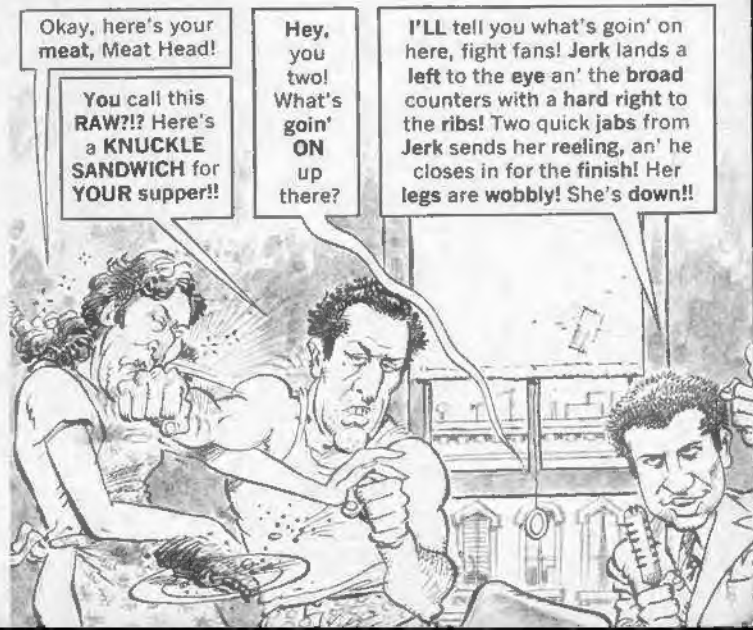

What's wrong with Jerk these days, Shmoey?
Why? He's his usual self! Mean, rotten, foul-mouthed and disgusting!
Yeah?!? How come he won't let the Mob buy into him? Why won't he throw fights?
Okay!! Okay!! Gee . . . I never said he was PERFECT
A STREET IN THE BRONX N.Y.

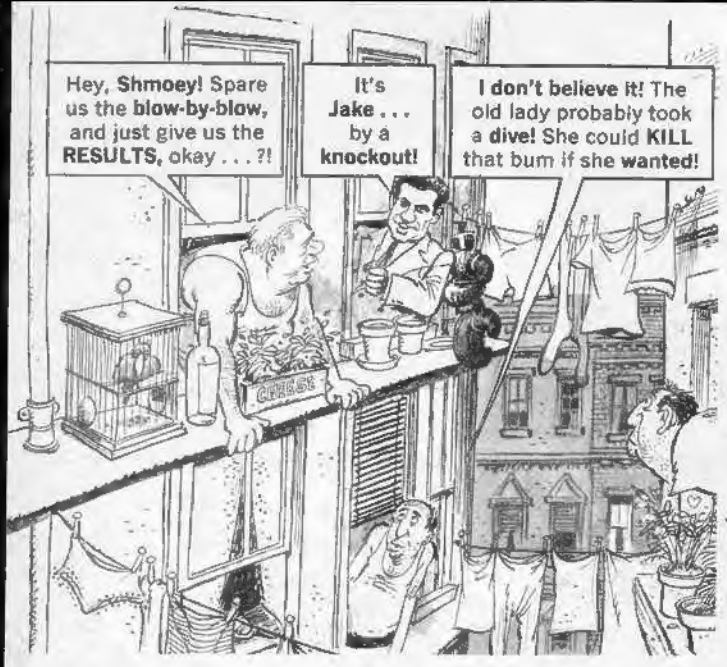
# NG BULLY

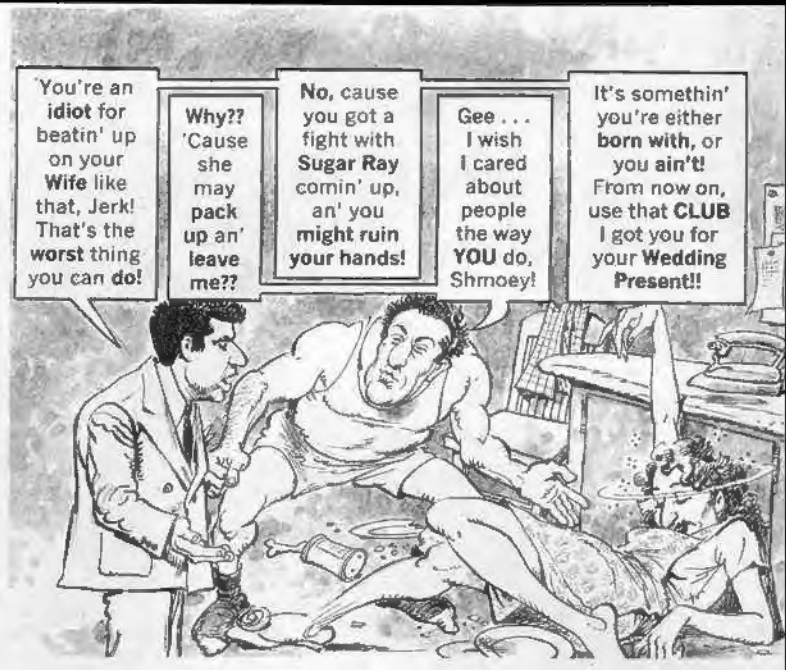
I've never heard such language in my entire life!!
"Friggin' " is dirty?! They use worse language than that on Saturday Morning TV Cartoons!
For MAD Magazine it's dirty! Remember the good old days when MAD used to use "*@☆C!★" instead of curse words! They've sure come a long way!!
Using "friggin' " instead of ☆@C!@★@ is some long way! On a flight from New York to L.A., that's like a forced landing in Jersey City!!
Hey, Jerk!! Destroy the friggin' bum!
Tear the friggin' crud apart!!
FRIGGIN'! FRIGGIN'! That's all I hear! Enough already with that vile, disgusting word!!
KILL the @#&+%$@+ bum! Knock his @#$%&! head off!!
Hey, who are you?!
The Editor of MAD Magazine . . . just taking a little trip down Memory Lane!!
I'M THE CHAMP! I'M THE CHAMP!
I COULDA BE A CONTENDE
PRESS
ROBERT DRUCKER

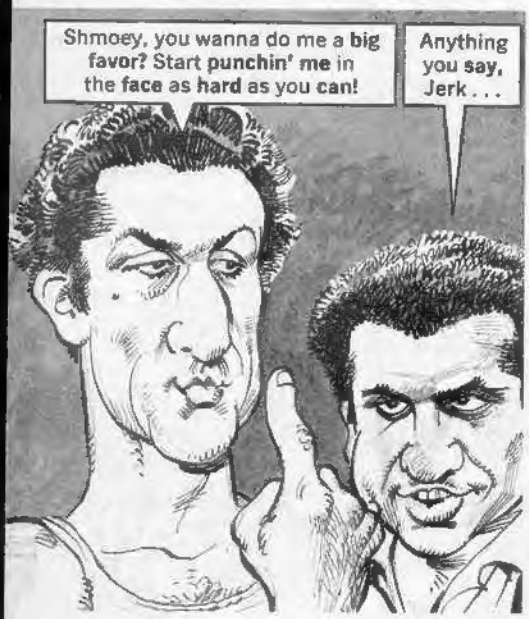
WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL


Of all the guys in The Bronx, I had to marry you! Look at you! You ain't a man! You're an animal!!
An animal?! Hey, you friggin' broad! Don' ever call me an animal again! I may be just a pug, but I got pride and dignity! I ain't no animal!!
Okay! Okay! Now . . . how do you want your meat . . . ? Raw, as usual?!?
Yeah! With maybe a li'l Gravy Train on the side!
MILK-BONE

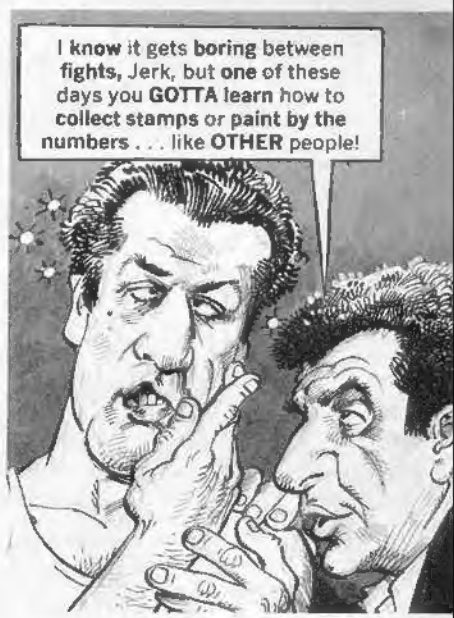

Okay, here's your meat, Meat Head!
You call this RAW?!? Here's a KNUCKLE SANDWICH for YOUR supper!!
Hey, you two! What's goin' ON up there?
I'LL tell you what's goin' on here, fight fans! Jerk lands a left to the eye an' the broad counters with a hard right to the ribs! Two quick jabs from Jerk sends her reeling, an' he closes in for the finish! Her legs are wobbly! She's down!!


Hey, Shmoey! Spare us the blow-by-blow, and just give us the RESULTS, okay . . . ?!
It's Jake . . . by a knockout!
I don't believe it! The old lady probably took a dive! She could KILL that bum if she wanted!


You're an idiot for beatin' up on your Wife like that, Jerk! That's the worst thing you can do!
Why?? 'Cause she may pack up an' leave me??
No, cause you got a fight with Sugar Ray comin' up, an' you might ruin your hands!
Gee . . . I wish I cared about people the way YOU do, Shmoey!
It's somethin' you're either born with, or you ain't! From now on, use that CLUB I got you for your Wedding Present!!


Shmoey, you wanna do me a big favor? Start punchin' me in the face as hard as you can!
Anything you say, Jerk . . .

SPLATT
SOK
BAM


I know it gets boring between fights, Jerk, but one of these days you GOTTA learn how to collect stamps or paint by the numbers . . . like OTHER people!

Ain't this better than being punched in the face?!?
Yeah, it's great! A modern swimming pool . . . right in the heart of The Bronx! But, when does it get filled up with water?!?
Any minute now! It looks like rain!
Shmoey, who's that sexy blonde over there?
Her name is Vixen! But keep away from her, Jake! I hear she's big trouble!

Hi! If you ain't doin' nuthin,' whaddya say we kinda go over t' my place, have a couple of drinks, an' see what happens?
Well-l-l . . .
Uh—OKAY!
Boy, if there's ONE thing I CAN'T STAND, it's a TEASE!
HUBBA HUBBA

**Pretty classy place,** huh? But it's a **little cluttered!** I gotta **throw** some things **out!**

Le'me show you around, okay? This is my **stove!** This is my **refrigerator!**

This is my **sink!**

**What's THIS?**

**This** is his **WIFE!**

That's the **FIRST THING** I gotta throw out!

GOD BLAST OUR HOME

There's the **chair!** An' there's the **dresser!**

An' there's the **BED . . .**

Look, before you **start** anything, I want you to know I come from a **good, respectable, religious family** . . . and I **never kiss** on the **first date!**

I was thinkin' maybe we'd **get undressed** an' **fool around!**

**Okay** . . . but **no kissing!!**

**Gee,** Jerk, it was so **fantastic** . . . so **terrific! Why'd** you **STOP?!?**

I just remembered that I'm fightin' **Sugar Ray** tomorrow night! I **NEVER** have sex before a **fight! If I have SEX, I can't concentrate** on **punchin' someone** in the **mouth!!**

For **YOU,** punchin' someone in the mouth **IS** sex!!

**I thought** I threw her **out!!**

Well, **this is IT!** The **big fight** with **Sugar Ray!** Hey— is somethin' **botherin'** you, Jake?

That stupid, friggin' **Wife** of mine . . . **that's** what's botherin' me! She keeps tellin' me that **boxin'** is a **substitute** for **SEX!** Ain't that the most **ridiculous** thing you **ever heard . . . ?!?**

She's **some dummy!!**

Everyone **KNOWS** that **boxin'** is a **business** and **sex** is a **pleasure!!** Only a **total idiot** would **mix** 'em up!

BONNG

FFFT

THUMP

**Oh, MAN . . .** the Earth **really moved** for me! How was it for **you,** Sugar Ray, baby?

**It was just okay!** I don't think it was as great for **me** as it was for **you . . . !**

Well, I'm **pretty well rested** now! Whaddaya say we **try another round?**

**Not tonight . . . !** I got a **headache!**

Great news, Jerk! I finally got you that Title Fight with Cerdan! But there's a catch! First, you gotta fight some bum an' take a dive!
WHAT?! Are you kiddin'?! I never took no dive in my life, an' I ain't gonna start now!!
Listen, there's a HUNDRED GRAND in it for you!!
Whaddaya want . . . ? A swan . . . ? A jack-knife . . . ? I do a great belly-whop!!
GRAZIANI WINE
BOOOO! HISSS!
FIX!! FIX!
You're a BUM, LaMutha!
Would you explain something to me . . . ?
Sure! Just axe me . . .
How is LaMutha gonna remain the Number One Contender by losing this fight? Wouldn't the guy who BEATS him then become the Number One Contender?
Maybe ROBERTO DURAN is his strategist! It's obvious you don't understand the Fight Game!!
I lost it, Shmoey! I coulda killed 'im an' I lost it! I threw it! I took a dive . . . sob . . .
This is only the second time in his life I seen him cry!
When was the first?
The time he threw a left hook at our Mother . . . an' MISSED!
TONIGHT
BOXING
The years sure fly by fast, eh Jerk? You finally became Champ! You got a divorce, and you married Vixen! An' I got married, too! Ain't everythin' great?! What can possibly spoil it?
Off-hand, I can think of a couple of things! Like f'rinstance, if your Wife ever catches you with THIS broad!!
SPEAKIN' of foolin' aroun', do you think Vixen is cheatin' on me . . . ?
Look, you been buggin' me for days with that jealousy crap! I tell you she ain't foolin' aroun'! What makes you think she is?
The way everybody looks at her and seems to know her! Like THOSE guys, for example . . .
Hi, there, Vixen!
How's it goin'?
What's cookin', Baby?
MOUTH WASH
For God's Sake, Jerk! One of those guys is a PRIEST! The other is GAY!!
Yeah, but look how the THIRD ONE is lookin' at her!!
That's "COCKEYED" CAVELLO!! He's lookin' at ME!!

I STILL think she's foolin' aroun'! Last week, when she got back from Atlantic City, she had this DOPEY GRIN on her face . . . like she'd had plenty of SEX!
You friggin' idiot! YOU were with her in Atlantic City!! You were on your HONEYMOON!
And I NEVER TOUCHED her!! I TOLD you she was foolin' aroun'!!
Okay, you dirty two-timing broad!! Where WERE you?! Who were you MESSIN' AROUN' with?!? "HOT LIPS" HOROWITZ? "LOVER BOY" LUNDIGAN?!? "ROMEO" RICOTTA?!
F'r cryin' out loud!! I jus' took out the GARBAGE!! I was gone a minute and a half!
You gotta stop wearin' yourself out like this, Jerk! Listen . . you got a big return match with Sugar Ray comin' up! You gotta concentrate on that! You promise me you're gonna concentrate on nothin' but the Sugar Ray fight?
Okay . . I promise . .
Way to go, Jerk!!
He's in terrific form!
I never SEEN him so sharp!!
SOK
BAM
WAK
Now, you do that to SUGAR RAY, and you're a shoo-in!!
You friggin' tramp! Take that n' that! THIS will teach you to cheat on ME!
I AIN'T cheatin' on you, you damn fool!!
Yes you are! C'mon! Tell me WHO you been cheatin' with, or I'll KILL ya . . !
Okay, you really wanna know?! I'll tell you! I been cheat n' with Clark Gable, John Wayne, Haile Selassie, Pres. Truman, and your own brother, Shmoey!
My God! A friggin' ORGY!!
POW
You idiot!! Can't you see she's JOKING?!? I ain't cheatin' on you! Don't you think I got any family loyalty! I would NEVER cheat on my Brother . . . !!
That's RIGHT! I'm married to him, and I know Shmoey better than ANYBODY! He would NEVER cheat on his Brother! On his WIFE, maybe, but never his Brother!
Boy, that LaMutha sure made a MESS out of his life!
Yeah! His own Brother walked out on him, his Wife hardly talks to him, and now, Sugar Ray is poundin' the crap out of him!
And look at the SHAPE he's in! You can't tell ME he's a Middleweight!
No?!? Take another look at his middle!
BELT!

Y'know, Vixen, I think I been hit in the head too many times! Here I am in a black an' white film—lookin' at home movies of us in Florida after I retire, an' they look like they're IN COLOR!!
Yeah! You think THAT's strange?! How about a black and white film with a color home-movie sequence in a black an' white MAGAZINE?!?
BELL VS HOWELL 10 ROUNDS
Since I retired from the ring and opened up this night club, things have been great! Plenty of booze, broads and food . . and lots of laughs!
Man, he musta put on 200 pounds!
There's a rumor he's goin' into Show Business! Is it true he's gonna do "The Odd Couple"?!?
Yeah . . . he's gonna play the TITLE ROLE!
Well, folks, I hate to eat an' waddle, but Vixen's waitin' for me out in the car! We've had our problems through the years, but she's been loyal to me . right to the end . !
Yeah . . . she stuck by him through thick an' THICKER!
Hi, Hon! Sorry I'm so late . . .
It don' matter no more, Jerk! It's all over! I'm leavin' you! Forever!
Look . . . I'm sorry I've accused you of cheatin' on me all these years! I was wrong!
No, you were right! I WAS cheatin'! I been seein' someone on the side all along!!
What are you talking about?!
He's everything you ain't! He's sensitive and sweet and loved and respected!
Yecccch!
Sounds to me like you been seein' a COLLEGE PROFESSOR!
PARKING
LA MUTHA'S PLACE
FLORIDA SUN
NEW YORK FREEZES
BUS STOP
Next to YOU, he IS a College Professor!!
Come back, Vixen! Please come back!
He's just another pug! What can HE give you I can't?
Well, for one thing: financial security!!
He's got at least FIVE MORE "Fight Pictures" in HIM!!
Hollywood's got about as much chance of making some more money on a fat creep like YOU with a sequel than they got making a sequel to "The Attack Of The Killer Tomatoes"!
VRROOOM
PARKING

A BIG HAND FOR LITTLE FEATS DEPT.

If you ever read the "Guinness Book Of World Records," you know that it lists accomplishments like "Coin Snatching," "Custard Pie Throwing" and "Smoke Ring Blowing." They even have records for "Hot Water Bottle Bursting" and "Onion Peeling," and they tell of a man who was struck by lightning 7 times. Well, all this makes entertaining reading, but it doesn't have very much to do with our everyday world. It's time, MAD feels, that we honored those achievements of the ordinary men, women and children living their ordinary lives. In other words, here are some of the marvelous accomplishments that might be recorded

# IF THE GUINNESS BOOK OF WORLD RECORDS DEALT WITH EVERYDAY LIFE

ARTIST: PAUL COKER WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

## THE GREATEST CONSECUTIVE NUMBER OF BLIND DATES

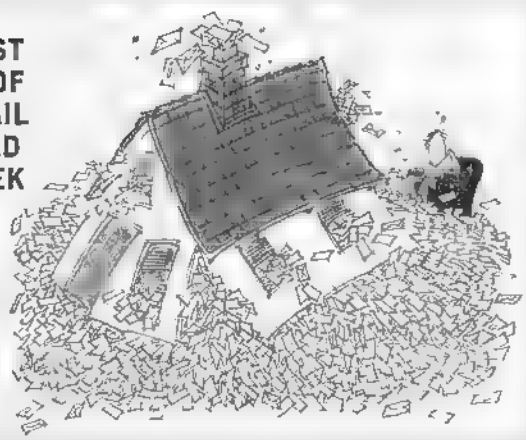
is 33, experienced by Melvin Sturving of Denver, Colorado. Of the 33, the most disastrous one was the last one, which led to his marriage.

## THE LONGEST TEMPER TANTRUM

was thrown by Billy Winkler, 7, of Kansas City, Kansas, after being refused a third Twinkie by his mother, July 1, 1979. Billy screamed and beat his fists on his Teddy Bear for 8 hours, 4 minutes, breaking the old mark set by Arnie Gink, of Bangor, Maine, who cried and stomped for 7 hours, 27 minutes, after not being allowed to see "Star Wars" for the fortieth time.

## THE MOST PIECES OF JUNK MAIL RECEIVED IN 1 WEEK

is 903 . . . by Morton Occupant of Des Moines, Iowa.



## THE MOST DELICIOUS MEAL EATEN ON A DOMESTIC AIRLINE

was enjoyed by Frank Argly on a United Airlines flight from New York City to Los Angeles, July 12, 1977. The food was prepared by Argly's wife, Wanda, and carried on board by him in a paper bag. Argly, incidentally, is the holder of the record for The Only Delicious Meal Eaten On A Domestic Airline, as well.

## THE WORST TASTE IN CLOTHING

was exhibited by Elmo Nurdly, of Buffalo, New York, in June, 1976. Nurdly wore a used 1958 orange and blue warm-up jacket, plaid pants in clashing shades of purple and red, and saddle shoes to his school graduation, his Mother's funeral, his own wedding, and the local Burger King. Naturally, he was barred from entering on each occasion.

## THE MOST EXPENSIVE SIX-BLOCK TAXI RIDE

was taken by Zynam Lupescu, a Romanian tourist, while visiting New York City. Mr. Lupescu hailed a cab on E. 33rd Street and got out on E. 39th Street 11 hours and 50 minutes later, after being driven all through Brooklyn, the Bronx and parts of Staten Island. Mr. Lupescu paid the meter fare of $171.10 . . . after which he was roundly cursed out by the angry taxi driver for tipping a lousy $15.

## THE LONGEST WAIT FOR A DATE

is 5 hours, 14 minutes, endured by Cecil Terhune of Birmingham, Alabama. On August 3rd, 1970, Terhune came to pick up Betty Sue Fingus, then waited in his Corvair while she changed outfits seven times, experimented with four hair styles, replaced her false eyelashes, manicured her nails, tried five different shades of lipstick, and shaved her legs before she showed up. The evening was spent bowling.

## THE MOST SHORT-LIVED ROCK GROUP

was "The Smelling Salts," made up of three guitar players and a drummer in East Lansing, Michigan. The group was organized at 11:34 P.M., October 3rd, 1974, and disbanded 5 minutes later after two members were arrested on drug charges, and a third named in a paternity suit.

## THE MOST TELEPHONE RINGS DURING 1 CALL

occurred February 9 1978, when Jasper Wheelock of Austin, Texas, woke up with a 105° fever, and phoned his Doctor. After exactly 278 rings, the call was finally picked up . . . by the Doctor's Answering Service.

## THE GREATEST GENERATION GAP

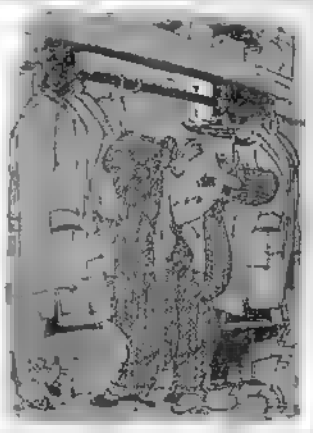
was experienced by Walter Crunlick, 47, and his son Mark, 17, in 1969. During a 172-day period, the two disagreed violently about 274 political, economic, social, moral, religious and environmental issues. The one issue they agreed on—Korean Fishing Rights—they refused to discuss.

## THE LARGEST CONSECUTIVE NUMBER OF OUT-OF-FOCUS VACATION SLIDES

is 97, shown to a group of neighbors by Ben and Harriet Zweibach of San Jose, California, following their 2-week trip to Ogden, Utah. Of the 97 slides, 63 were shown upside-down

## THE LEAST SUCCESSFUL HAIRPIECE

was worn by Byron Emberton, of Fort Smith, Arkansas, who, during a six-hour period on March 10th, 1976, was mocked, laughed at, snickered over, and humiliated by 27 people, including his wife, their 6 children, the UPS delivery man, and their family parrot. Emberton exchanged his hair piece for another . . . shortly thereafter setting the record for "The Second Least Successful Hairpiece."



## THE MOST MONEY SPENT ON A WOMAN WITHOUT MAKING OUT

is $55,897.45, by Preston Urquahr of Baltimore, Maryland, during his crush on Evangeline Steegbarrow. The couple dated 113 times, during which they'd held hands twice . . . both times gloved. Although Miss Steegbarrow was fond of Preston, she'd just never felt right about "starting a relationship."

## THE BEST-FAKED HIGH SCHOOL EXAM

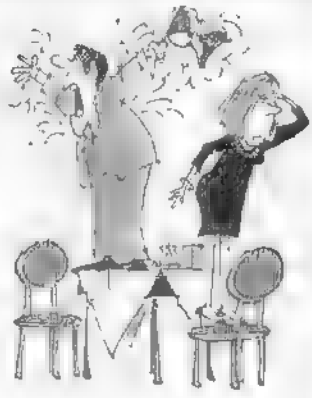
was a 7-page essay on the War of 1812, written in class by Milton Rubischer, 17, of Miami, Florida, on October 22, 1961. Milton received an A+, despite his not having the slightest idea of what the war was all about. His success inspired him to enter into Politics after graduation.

## THE MOST CANS OF BEER DRUNK WITHOUT GOING TO THE JOHN

is 17, by Rufus Mulvaney while watching a crucial ballgame in a tavern in St. Paul, Minnesota, on October 2nd, 1972. After finishing off the 17th can, Mulvaney raced to the John, and came within 3 paces of making it.

## THE LONGEST AMOUNT OF TIME SPENT IN A RESTAURANT WITHOUT SEEING ONE'S WAITER

is 2 hours, 11 minutes, by Darlene and Henry Undershot at the Blue Gull Bar And Grill in Lincoln, Nebraska. When the waiter finally did show up, he calmly informed the couple that they were too late for "The $6.95 Early Bird Special Dinner."

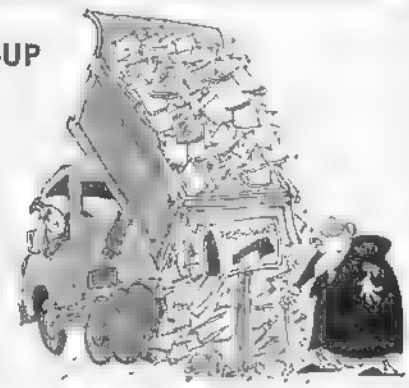


## THE MOST HOURS SPENT IN PSYCHIATRIC THERAPY WITHOUT PROGRESS

is 1,178, by George Quillcross of Joplin, Missouri. Of these, 1,161 were spent analyzing, with no success, a dream in which Quillcross was totally encased in a giant marshmallow.

## THE WORST COMPUTER FOUL-UP

occurred on November 30th in 1977, when Elvira Fosdick, 91, of Sun City, Arizona, was delivered seven thousand copies of "Gay Sex Magazine." Mrs. Fosdick was prepared to complain to the Post Office when she discovered that her husband, Sid, 94, enjoyed reading them



## THE LONGEST WAIT FOR A BUS IN MILD WEATHER

is 5 hours, 30 minutes, endured by H. Fenton Tendrill, of Cinnnati, Ohio, on August 22, 1978. Tendrill waited at a designated bus-stop as sixteen No. 3 buses, none of them more than half-filled, passed him by. In desperation, Tendrill then lay down in the path of the seventeenth bus . . . which ran him over.

## THE MOST OBSCENE CALLS

is 2,378, received by Francine P. Furdolino, of Austin, Texas. Of these calls, 127 developed into serious relationships.

SAILOR MAN-SLAUGHTER DEPT.

# DON MARTIN

# LOOKS AT POPEYE

Popeye, you grow your own spinach! Tell me, how can common spinach give you so much strength?
SPINACH

WARNING
FALL OUT
AREA
Beats me . . . !

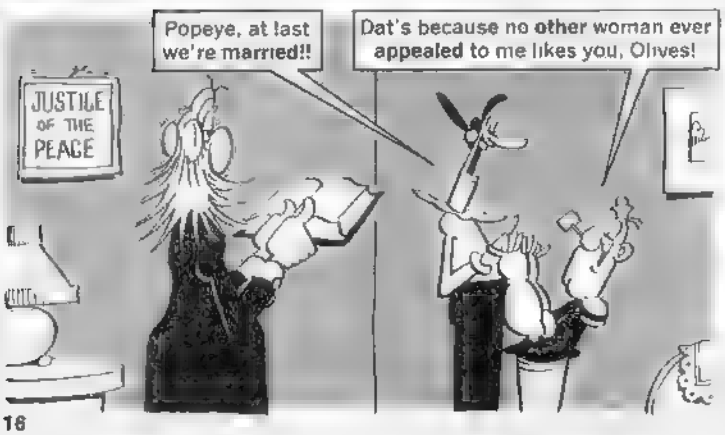
GLUK GLUK
GLUK GLUK

BLOT

GLIT GLIT
GLIT GLIT

Well, blow me down . . . !!

WHOOSH

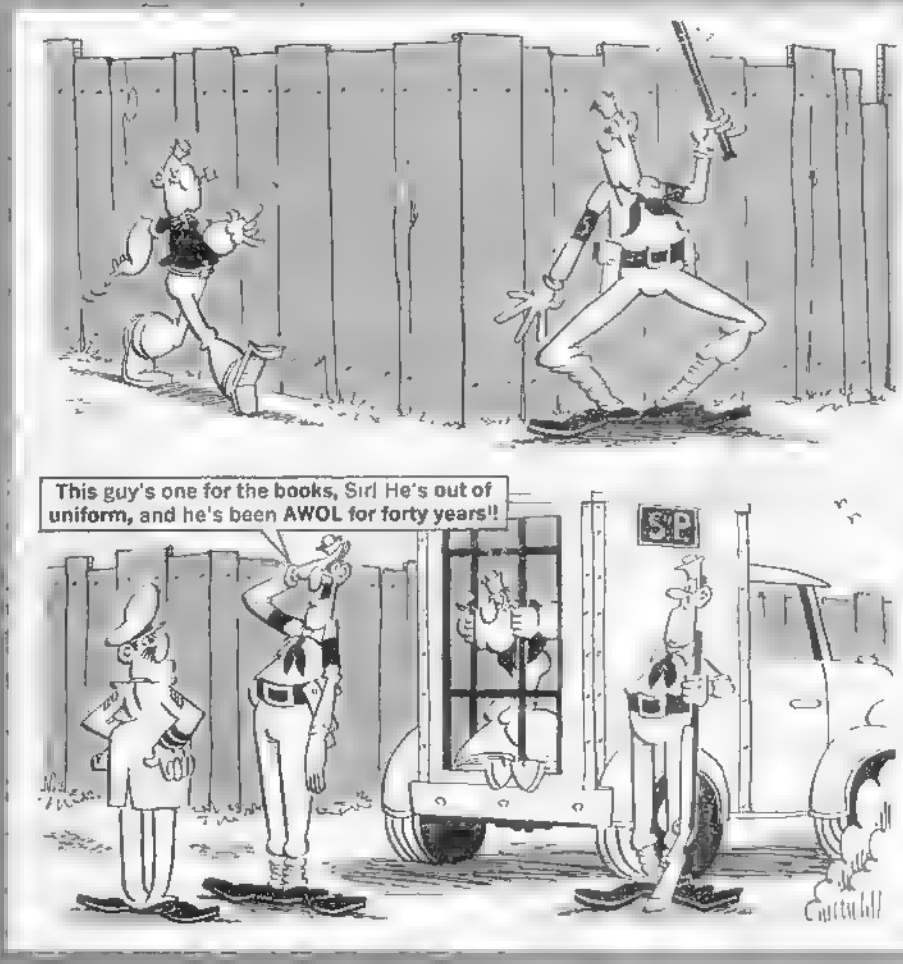

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
Popeye, at last we're married!!
Dat's because no other woman ever appealed to me likes you, Olives!

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

Listen, Runt! I'm takin' your goil friend, an' we're gettin' hitched!!
Oh-oh!! Popeye is getting out his can of spinach! NOW, you're in for it!!
Arf! Arf!
JUST MARRIED!

BLEEP

Arf! Arf!


This guy's one for the books, Sir! He's out of uniform, and he's been AWOL for forty years!!
S.P.

Gulp!! Oh, dear! I swallowed a grape with the pit in it!!
Dat could be dangerisk! I'll take you to the Dockiter!!

Congratulations! I hope it's a boy!!

# CRIME IN THE STREETS

This is a STICK-UP! Gi'me all your money!
Aw, gee! I've been saving this dough to buy a plane ticket to New York City!
Now, I can't go . . . !
Don't complain, Buster, I'm doin you a big favor!
Crime in New York City is even worse than here!

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

# THE LIGHTE

## SPORTS

I see you're a football widow, too!
Yes, but I can't complain! My Husband looks forward to his TV game all week! He says it's the one great pleasure he gets out of life, so . . .
OH, NO!!
What a time to fumble!! I'm gonna KILL myself!!

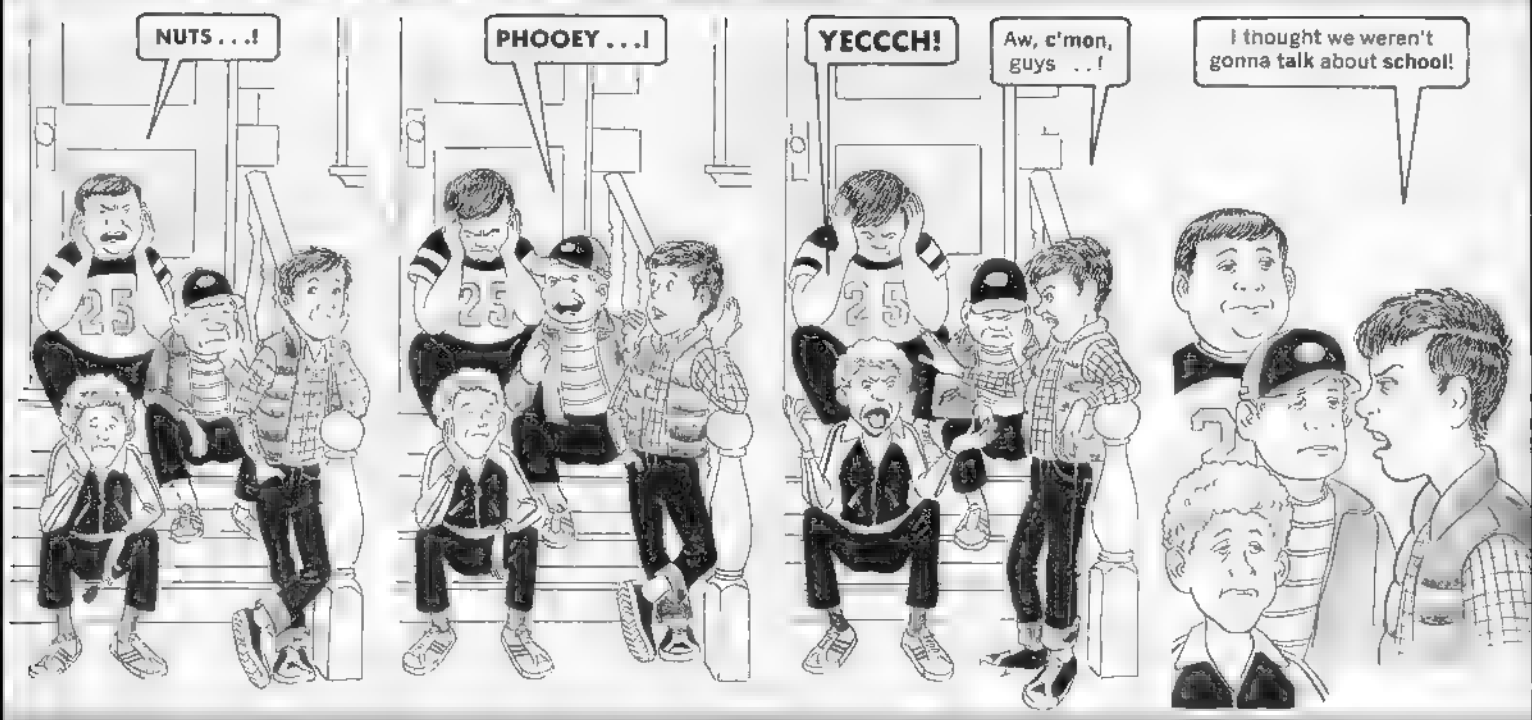
# THE ENERGY CRISIS

When our Clothes Dryer broke down, my Husband suddenly became a "conservationist"! So he had a Solar Energy System installed to dry our clothes!
It saves on electricity . . . and it works very efficiently!
No kidding?! Gee, it must have cost him a small fortune!
Not really! He only laid out $5.98!
What sort of Solar Energy Device can you get for $5.98!?
A 30-foot length of ROPE, and a dozen CLOTHES PINS!

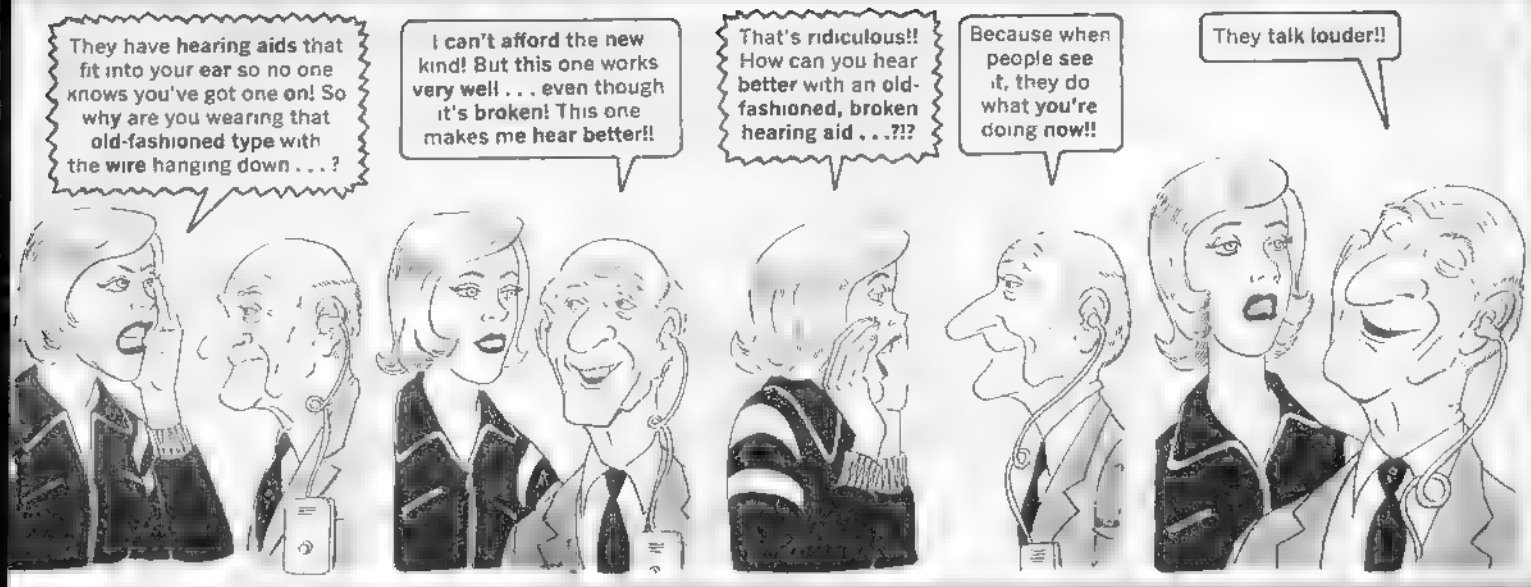
# R SIDE OF...

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

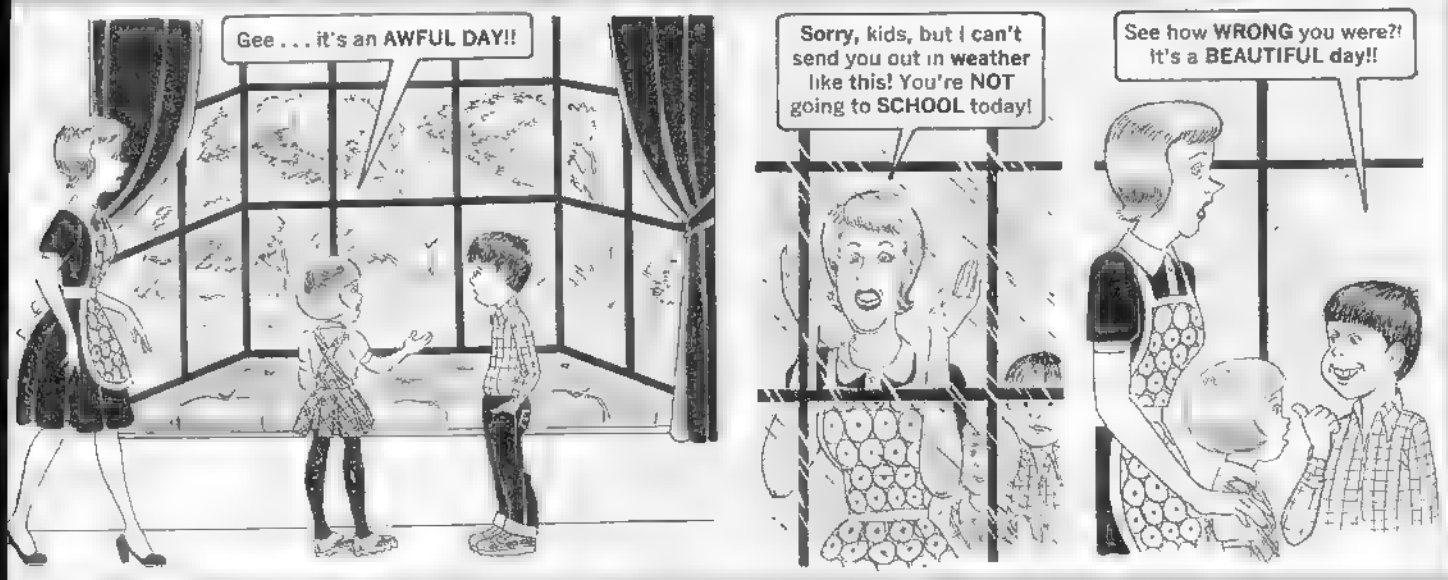
## KIDS



# MEDICAL GADGETS


They have hearing aids that fit into your ear so no one knows you've got one on! So why are you wearing that old-fashioned type with the wire hanging down . . . ?
I can't afford the new kind! But this one works very well . . . even though it's broken! This one makes me hear better!!
That's ridiculous!! How can you hear better with an old-fashioned, broken hearing aid . . .?!?
Because when people see it, they do what you're doing now!!
They talk louder!!

# THE WEATHER


Gee . . . it's an AWFUL DAY!!
Sorry, kids, but I can't send you out in weather like this! You're NOT going to SCHOOL today!
See how WRONG you were?! It's a BEAUTIFUL day!!

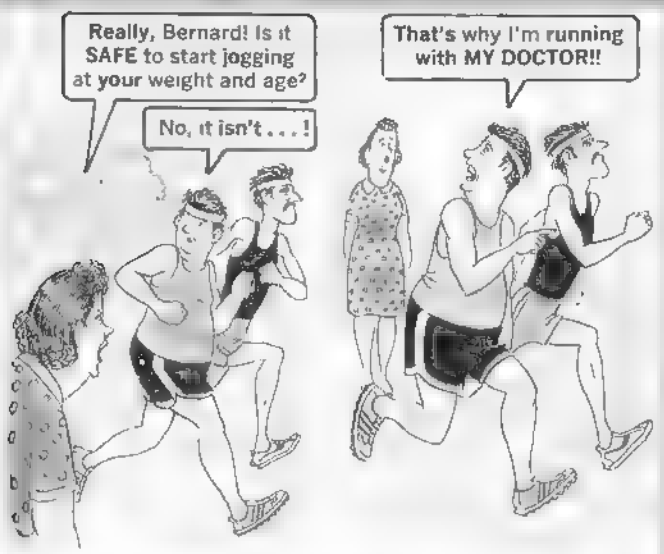
# CRIME IN THE HOME

Quick, Harold . . . call the Police! There's a CROOK trying to rob us!
What makes you say that?!
I HEAR him . . walking around on the ROOF!
Oh, that's just Al, the TV Repair Man! He's fixing our antenna!
Him again!! And how much did he estimate THIS job is going to cost us?
About 70 or 80 bucks!
Like I said . . . there's a CROOK on the roof!!

## THE FAMILY

Is THAT what she wants to marry?! He's got no manners, he's got no taste, and his politics are all screwed up!
He's a born loser, and he'll never amount to anything!!
I've heard all this before!!
Yeah? Who else agrees with me?
That's what MY Father said about YOU!!

## JOGGING



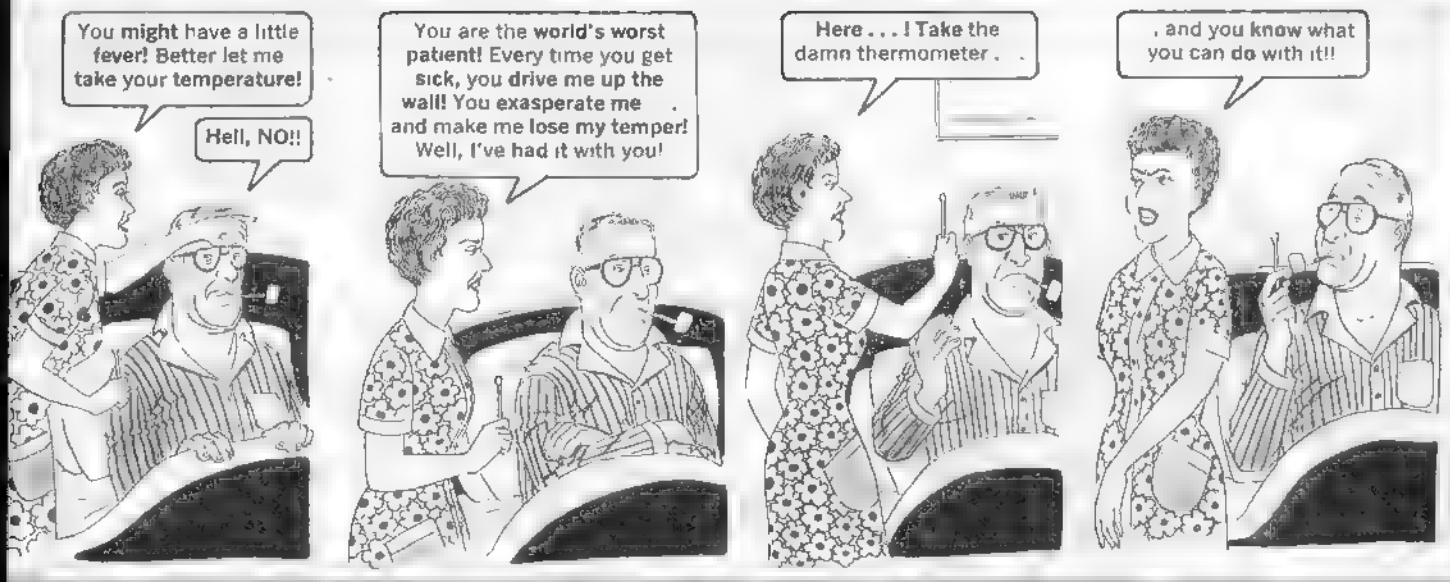

## THE ECONOMY

With the price of food so high these days, I find it's cheaper to EAT OUT!
Are you kidding?! Where can you eat out cheap?
At my Mother's . . . !!

## HOUSE PLANTS

Hello, my little darlings! How are you today? Your Mommy has a nice cool drinkypoo for each of you!
Boy, you have to be pretty stupid to talk to a plant
BAM
OUCH!!
YOU DIRTY LOUSY SON OF A BEACH FLOTSAM! YOU GODDAMN HUNK OF CRUDDY GREEN GARBAGE!
Hey, STUPID!! Look who's TALKING!!

## HEALTH


You might have a little fever! Better let me take your temperature!
Hell, NO!!
You are the world's worst patient! Every time you get sick, you drive me up the wall! You exasperate me and make me lose my temper! Well, I've had it with you!
Here . . . ! Take the damn thermometer . .
. and you know what you can do with it!!

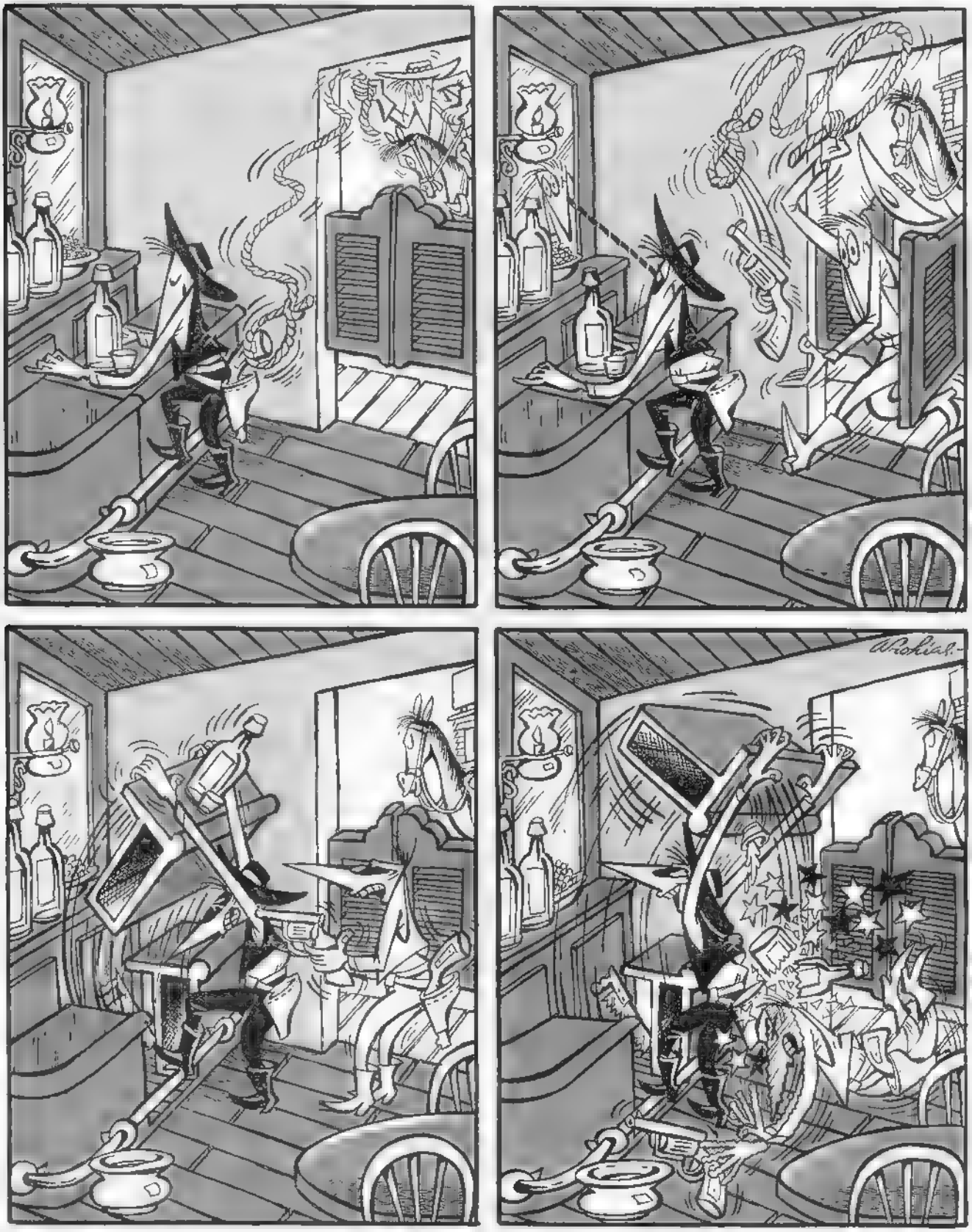
## TOYS

I'd like a toy for my four-year-old Son!
I've got just the thing! But it comes knocked down! Your Husband will have to ASSEMBLE it!
I'm afraid my Husband isn't mechanically inclined!
Oh? Let's see what ELSE I've got!
Don't bother! I'll take it!
But YOU said your Husband isn't mechanically inclined!
The KID IS!!

## FURNITURE

If you don't mind, we'd like to TEST the chair first!
Go right ahead!
Okay, we'll take it!
Very good, Sir! But, may I ask why you went through all those contortions?
It's for our TEEN-AGE SON'S room!!

SPY vs SPY



OILY EDITION DEPT.

If you've ever tried to keep track of what's happening in the Middle East, you know how confusing it all is. To remedy this, MAD now puts the whole sorry mess in perspective. Simply fill in the numbered blanks from the corresponding numbered lists, and you'll have . . .

# MAD's ALL-INCLUSIVE DO-IT-YOURSELF MID-EAST CRISIS NEWSPAPER STORY

Shouting ——(1)—— and equipped with ——(2)——, ——(3)—— today ——(4)—— ——(5)——. The outbreak, which follows ——(6)—— ——(7)——, could ——(8)—— ——(9)—— and affect ——(10)——. Diplomats blame the crisis on ——(11)—— and fear it may lead to ——(12)——.

**I**

anti-American slogans
"Death to Iraq!"
"Down with Israel!"
"Bagdad is for lovers!"
"The Shah lives!"
"Go Philistines!"
"Buy Shell Unleaded!"
"Sinbad sucks!"
"This Bud's for you!"
"Polynesians, go home!"
"Free the Sahara 7!"
"Ten-four, good buddy!"

**5**

Teheran
Syria
the Persian Gulf
the Cairo Hilton
a Sinai singles bar
Libyan massage parlors
an embassy you never heard of
Omar Sharif's boyhood home
a Mecca homecoming game
Moshe Dayan's aquarium
Abdul's Body Shop
the tomb of the unknown begger

**I**

the West Bank
the Gaza Strip
Damascus trailer courts
the Sabu Memorial
Mesopotamian thrift-shops
a Tel Aviv Burger King
the '84 Olympics
Montana
drive-in mosques
the British Empire
hamster colonies
Carthage



WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

**2**

Russian weapons
U.S. Phantom jets
rented camels
nuclear flying carpets
cherry-flavored hashish
traveling harems
itchy burnooses
Gucci water-bags
no deodorants
the Black & Decker Workmate
highly trained Muppets
angry fieldmice

**3**

Iranian mobs
Iraqi fanatics
Syrian troops
Lebanese upholsterers
George Plimpton
a "That's Incredible" crew
Crosby, Stills & Nash
eskimo mercenaries
Vanessa Redgrave fans
gold chain snatchers
the road company of "Annie"
Afrika Korps deserters

**4**

rampaged through
invaded
bombed
hustled tourists in
swapped Yemen jokes in
played "Space Invaders" in
relived teenage memories in
searched in vain for
stocked up on Tupperware in
worked on their backhand in
found the meaning of love in
went 3 for 4 in

**6**

the attack on
the hijacking of
the stoning of
Paul Lynde's impression of
those hushed-up rumors about
the cloning of
a CBS documentary on
the Ayatollah's hatred of
Medicare payments for
Billy Carter's deal with
the decline and fall of
the toilet-training of

**7**

the Golan Heights
King Hussein's tailor
smelly bedouins
an El Al baggage clerk
Yasir Arafat's hernia
Abdul Abulbul Amir
Mr. Goodwrench
singing terrorists
Menachem Begin's nephew
Nasser's ghost
giant ants
the Mormon Tabernacle Choir

**5**

threaten
wipe out
partition
legalize croquet in
give a bad name to
ban dwarfs from
freeze the assets of
introduce Szechuan cooking to
computerize
bring back Peter O'Toole to
rustproof
remove squatters from

**10**

Mid-East stability
world trade
the hockey season
Sadat's fight with baldness
the Gulfstream
Billy Martin's future
mixed marriages
the rising cost of sand
Nixon's comeback
Bjorn Borg's nightclub career
phone-calls to Grandma
the outcome of the Crusades

**11**

Arab nationalism
Soviet meddling
P.L.O. groupies
polyester tunics
a Buddy Hackett prophesy
whacked-out sheiks
a low-fibre diet
cheap Taiwan imports
Al Pacino's performance
Dodger fielding
smoking
the lack of good Pharoahs

**12**

further aggression
World Wars III and IV
boring U.N. debates
a Holmes-Ali rematch
white slavery
a hotel on Park Place
an I.R.S. audit
another Bob Hope special
a trade with San Diego
a Bob Guccione lawsuit
the return of wide ties
life on Saturn

# HERE IS A TYPICAL JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL GUESS WHO'S GOING TO

Guess who's going to be "Male Vocalist Of The Year"!

Guess who's going to work for Chuck Barris!

Guess who's going to be making a million a year before he's 22!

Guess who's going to fight for feminine equality and a woman's right to be a woman!

Guess who's going to be a "Nielsen Viewer" and determine America's televiewing habits!

Guess who's going to be a Night Watchman at the bank where you'll be keeping your money!

Guess who's the girl everyone will want to marry!

Guess who you're going to wind up with!

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

# GRADUATING CLASS. SEE IF YOU CAN...

# GROW UP TO BE WHAT?

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Guess who's going to work for the Post Office! | Guess who's going to be a mechanic on a DC-10! | Guess who's going to be a hooker working out of an off-limits bar near a Navy base! | Guess who's going to be a TV Weather person! | Guess who's going to be an airline pilot! | Guess who's going to be a CIA Agent! | Guess who's going to run a health farm! | Guess who's going to be a taxi cab driver!* | Guess who's going to be-come a waiter! |

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

*HE HASN'T SHOWN UP FOR THIS PICTURE YET BECAUSE HE TOOK A ROUNDABOUT WAY THROUGH THE GYMNASIUM TO GET HERE!

RUBBING FAULT INTO THE WOUNDS DEPT.

# WHO ARE YOU G

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

**Politicians who lie, cheat, steal, live it up at taxpayers' expense and are indifferent to the needs of the people . . .**

**OR**

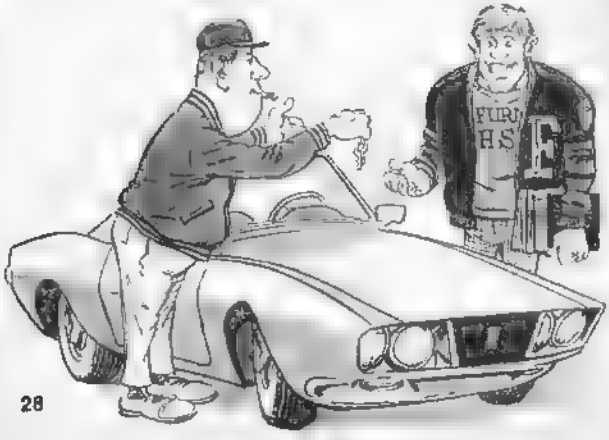
**. . . the indifferent Public whose apathy on Election Day keeps putting the same incompetent clods back in office.**

**The Umpires who occasionally blow some close decisions . . .**

**OR**

**. . . the Team Managers who screw up scoring opportunities with bad decisions, and the Players who make easy errors.**

**Football Coaches who illegally recruit star athletes . . .**

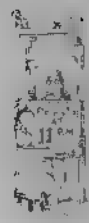


**OR**

**. . . College Presidents and Alumni who demand winning teams.**

# ONNA BLAME...?

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE



Big City Banks that refuse to bail out bankrupt cities . . .

OR

. . . City Governments that have driven the middle class and many industries away with their corrupt practices, their political patronage and their ridiculous unrealistic taxes.

Advertising Agencies who continue to publicize cigarette smoking as the "cool". . ."manly". . ."in" thing to do . . .

OR

. . . the Morons who keep puffing away despite all the clear and irrefutable evidence that cigarette smoking can kill.

Young People who drop out of Churches or Temples . . .

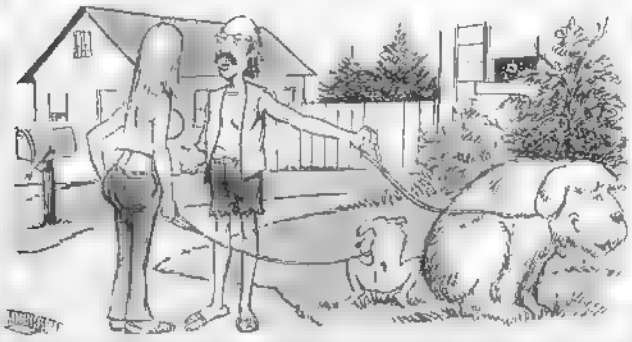
OR

. . . our so-called Religious Leaders who resort to raising funds by running Bingo Games . . . or holding Gambling nights (usually operated by Gangsters) in our Houses of Worship.

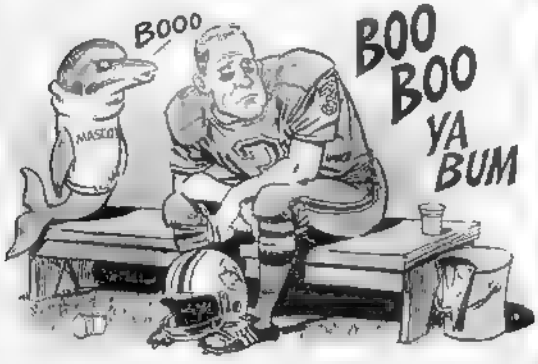
Dogs who make your sidewalk or lawn their personal John . . .

OR

. . . stupid, lazy Dog-Owners who don't care where their mutts "do", as long as it's on somebody else's property.

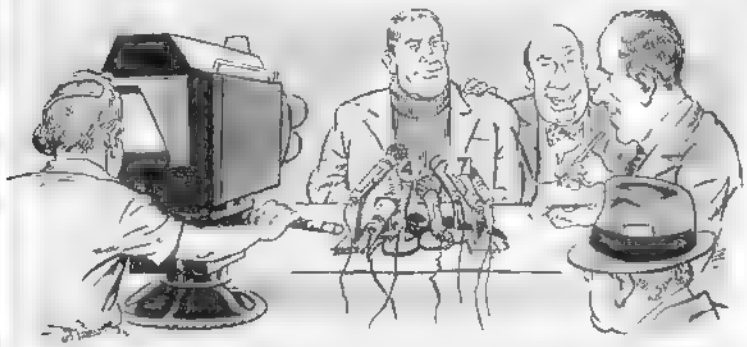


The All-American Heisman Trophy-winner who bombs out his first year in Pro Ball . . .




OR

. . . the PR Guys and the Sportswriters and the Sportscasters and the Magazines and Newspapers who gave him that "big build-up."



The Executives at the TV Networks who dream up all those ridiculous, moronic shows . . .

OR

. . . the Schmucks who sit glued to their TV sets no matter what's on.

Manufacturers who produce ecology-destroying products like plastic containers and throw-away bottles and spray cans . . .

OR

. . . self-indulgent Consumers who keep on buying them.

**ROCK OF AGES DEPT.**

To the average teenager, Classical Music can be defined as "anything to the right of Meatloaf and The Dooby Brothers." There's an important reason why this art form is so foreign to them. Teenagers *don't* know what Classical Music *is!* And adults who *do* know don't know how to *sell* it to them! What's needed here is some good modern "hype"! You know, the kind that Rock gets in those Pop Music Fan Magazines! For example, here's one way of doing it:

# CLASSICAL BEAT

**FAB FEB ISSUE**

**$1.25**

400 pfennigs in GERMANY (pfree pfor senior citizens over pfifty)

## The Music Fan Mag For Teenage Longhairs

**HANSEL UND GRETEL COMPOSER ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK SCREAMS:**
"I'll Sue The Hell Outta That Creep Singer Who Stole My Name!

**"LITTLE RICHARD" WAGNER:**
"I was only following orders. They MADE me write that Nazi Music!"

**BLONDIE MEETS THE FRANZ**
The Real Reason Franz Schubert Never Finished That Symphony

**CRISIS TIME FOR THE BEE & GEES (BACH, GRIEG, AND GLUCK)**
Hitsville? . . . Splitsville?

**JOEY BRAHMS:**
WHY TEENY-BOPPERS ARE ROCKING TO HIS NEW LULLABY

**EXTRA SPECIAL CONTEST BONUS:**
Win A Fabulous Date With Kissable Jan Paderewski!

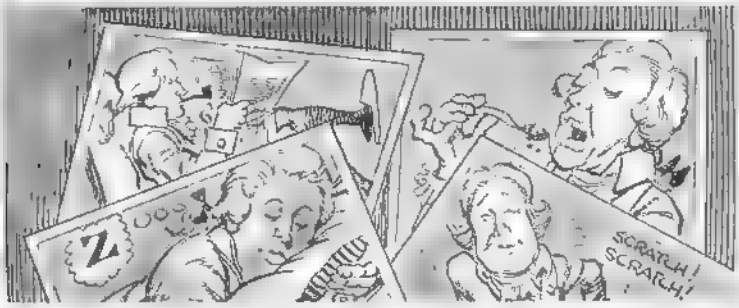
PLUS: RACHMANINOFF TAKES IT OFF IN A SEXY CENTERFOLD

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

# WOLFMAN REMEMBERED!!

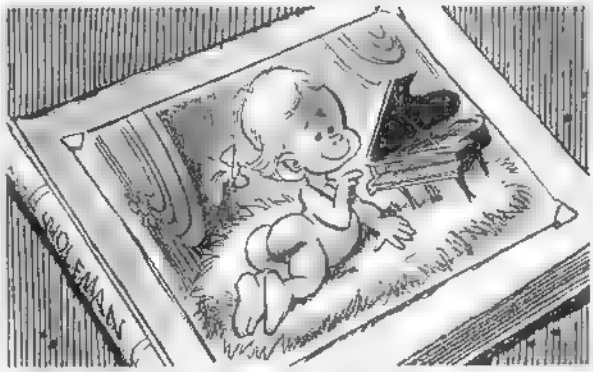
The angels may have taken The King of Concertos from us, but Wolfman Mozart will always live in our hearts. And here are some fantastic mementoes to help keep his fabulous memory alive. Buy 'em, save 'em, trade 'em, hang 'em on the wall, glue 'em to your shorts. The King is Dead! LONG LIVE THE KING! (for $125, plus $9 postage)

## Special! Full Color! Wolfman Art Display




Terrific shots of Wolfman in concert, Wolfman at home, Wolfman sleeping, Wolfman eating, Wolfman scratching himself in two exciting places (and we don't mean Paris, France or Vienna, Austria).

## Wolfman Childhood Memories

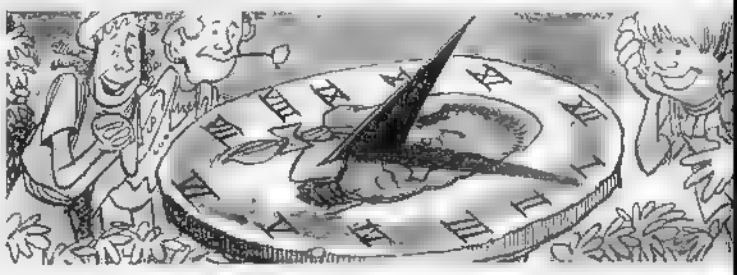


Get this exciting book and learn things about Wolfman's childhood you never knew: his first piano lesson at two months, his first symphony at eight months, his first trip to the Vienna Opera House at 13 months, his first trip to the potty at 15 months, and much much more . . .

## Fabulous Wolfman Mozart Doll

This doll is so real, so life-like, it's like having Wolfman in your own home. It talks, it cries, it wets, it plays 14 musical instruments, and it realistically drops dead at the age of thirty-five!

## A Timely Tribute to Wolfman



The only original Wolfman Mozart wrist sundial personally autographed by The King. The Wolfman Mozart Wrist Sun Dial is guaranteed waterproof.

(This offer not good in oceans, lakes and rivers where the sun doesn't shine underwater)

## Wolfman Musical Faves

A fantastic long-playing music box with all the old bouncy, jumpy, unforgettable Wolfman tunes that you hummed to, whistled to, danced to, and fell in love to, like "Concerto for Two Claviers", "La Clemenza di Tito", and "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik"

### WOLFMAN REMEMBERED

c/o CLASSICAL BEAT MAGAZINE

Yes, I want to fill my heart with Wolfman and fill your pockets with cash. Enclosed is $125 plus $9 for handling and postage Send me everything. I am also interested in learning about other dead musical faves that you may be planning to market soon!

NAME ...
ADDRESS
OTHER FAVORITE DEAD MUSICAL HEROES
LIVE ONES YOU'D LIKE US TO ARRANGE TO HAVE KILLED

# LOU BEETHOVEN TELLS IT LIKE IT IS

## An Outspoken Interview With A 1780's Superstar

by Sax Reed

He's got brown wavy hair that seems to say, "Please run your fingers through me." He's got sexy legs that won't quit on you, and a pair of burning baby blue eyes that could drop a shotzie at 100 paces and leave her gasping for breath. He's tall, dreamy, and talented, and his tunes are going into orbit on all the charts. He's Lou Beethoven, of course, and we broke bread and chatted the other day at Ratskeller 54, the In Spot along Berlin's Great White Way.

We started out by asking him to what he owed his fabulous success. "Hard work, talent, and naturally my terrific agent, Bernie, at Wilhelm Morris," said Lou. "But bottom line, it's luck. You have to anticipate the kind of noise that's going to turn the public on, and then sock it to 'em."

"The way Jojo Bach did years ago with his funky concertos?" we asked.

He nodded. "But the times they are a-changing. The kids don't dig hard Bach anymore. They're into softer melodies now, and mostly they're listening to the words."

Then he hit us with the bombshell. He's putting lyrics to all his great instrumentals. And pretty soon the high school prom set will not only be dancing to his bouncy 5th Symphony and Violin Concerto in D, but also singing along.

"Look for some dynamite lyrics coming up for my Eroica Symphony," he announced, referring to his recent musical tribute to his buddy Napoleon Bonaparte.

"What are you planning to call it?" we asked.

"I'm toying with 'Short People,'" he said. "But nothing's definite yet."

As for his personal life, well, still no wedding bells, but dismiss all those nasty rumors. Lou is as straight as a baton. Proof? Check out that blonde groupie who was in his dressing room at the Stuttgart Symphony Hall the other night.

Recalling the incident he winked and said, smiling naughtily, "You should have seen my Second and Third Movements."

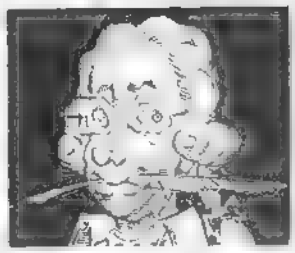
And what about those snide stories around town about Lou's hearing going bad? We hit him with the $64,000 question: "Lou, what about your hearing?"

"Do I really have to dignify that ridiculous question with an answer?" he asked impatiently. Then he sighed and went on, "Oh very well, I like it with pickled onions and pumpernickel."

This puzzled us a bit. "Your hearing, Lou?" we said. Then we raised our voice, "We asked you about your *hearing*."

"Oh hearing?" he said, starting to chuckle. "I thought you said *herring*" . . .

# LONGHAIR DANDRUFF



## Random Fallout Along The Classical Beat

by Sammy Quaver

"Murray the R" Ravel

The In Crowd is buzzing about ivory-tickler Freddy Chopin. His "Minute Waltz" may be tops on the charts, but they say his gigs in bed are the pits. "He should change his theme song to 'The Thirty-Second Waltz'," says his old lady, "Gorgeous George" Sand. Meowwww!... Looks like Big Daddy Haydn (his Cello Concerto in D Major is still going through the roof in all the trade polls) is making other headlines nowadays. Our spies tell us that Big D was just busted and is cooling his heels in the slammer for trying to smuggle in snuff to Vienna...Wondering whatever happened to ace composer "Murray The R" Ravel? Seems he's got writer's block. His latest tune has nothing but the same notes played over and over and over again. He calls it "The Bolero." We call it Dullsville . . . And still more trouble in Longhair Alley. It looks like melody wiz Lou Beethoven (remember his humm-able "Missa Solemnis?") is hitting the schnapps again. When they talk about Beethoven's 5th nowadays, we're afraid it's the booze, not the symphony. Friends worry about his drinking... Yock Of The Week: Schloque Offenbach (he created the kinky "Can-Can" dance) propositioned a married can-can dancer the other night, who gave him this howlarious reply, "Can't-Can't!" . . . Getting back to Lou Beethoven again, we're told his latest project is an oratorio for 400 voices—in sign language. His friends are really worried about his hearing . . . This colyums suggestion for a great way for the French Army to get Prussian prisoners of war to talk: Expose 'em for three straight hours to the (ugh) Bolero! . . . Remember the torrid duet violinist Fritzie Kreisler was doing with a red-headed beerhall shatzie from Hamburg? Well, forget it, folks! It seems that Fritzie is now playing second fiddle to a cellist jock from Bremerhaven Tech . . . Dip your quill in sunshine and write a cheer-up letter to shut-in tunesmith Jojo Bach, who's under the weather with some typical 18th Century ailments now going around: sore throat, upset stomach, flu, and a touch of the Black Death. Get well soon, Jojo . . . Just caught "Murray The R's" Bolero again. It is BORRRRRRRRING!!! Jewish composer Flip Mendelssohn (people are still whistling his catchy "Elijah" oratorio) and his family have decided that they would rather switch than fight. So they've converted to the Protestant faith. That's funny, they don't LOOK Lutheran . . . Congrats to "Murray The R" Ravel. His fabulous "Bolero" is number One on the charts. Hitsville all the way. Remember, you heard it here first!

Fritzie Kreisler

Flip Mendelssohn

# YOU SHOULD ASK

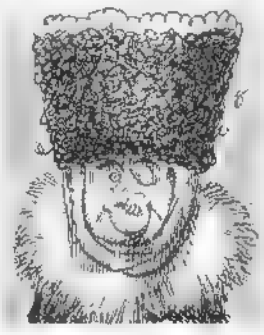
Got a question about your favorite star? Chances are we've got the answer. If we don't, we'll check it out for you. If we still don't find the answer, we'll make one up. And what's more you'll never know the difference, and considering the way we control their lives, neither will the stars. So get ready, aim and fire away!

QUESTION: I hear that composer Joey Strauss is a fabulous surfer, and he and his board are inseparable. How did he ever find the time to write that fantastic waltz?

*ANSWER: He was hanging around the blue Danube one year waiting for a wave, and the rest is history.*

QUESTION: I really groove on "The Franz" Schubert. Tell me a little bit about his personal life since he wrote "The Unfinished Symphony."

*ANSWER: He recently rented part of a pad in Vienna and filled it with unfinished furniture, half of which he painted. He's in generally good health, although because of a Vitamin B1 deficiency once, he had a mild case of beri. He spends a lot of his spare time writing to his cousin Gustave, who lives in Walla, Washington. And he also has an uncle who, unfortunately, is doing a stretch in Sing Sing Prison, in Upstate New York.*



QUESTION: I recently attended a fabulous outdoor concert in Salzburg and heard the most incredible rendition of "The Flight of the Bumble Bee" ever. It was so real you could actually hear the bee buzzing. Could you tell me who the guest artist was?

*ANSWER: Dmitri Shostakovitch. And that wasn't "The Flight of the Bumble Bee" he played. It was "The Hungarian Rhapsody." The next time you shave check your face to see if you have a sting lump up your nose.*

QUESTION: I heard that a sneak thief tried to rob the Bolshoi Ballet last week, and ballet dancer Boris Vorishlov, still wearing his tights and tutu, attacked him with a ballerina's purse and killed him. How could that be?

*ANSWER: We just got a coroner's report. Actually he died laughing.*

QUESTION: Composer "Jocko" Rossini really turns me on. Has the fact that his "William Tell Overture" is so popular in America lately had any effect at all on his life style?

*ANSWER: None that we know of. We tried to speak to him personally about this, but we're told he's busy these days riding up and down the Seven Hills of Rome with a faithful Indian companion.*


## *Do The Frauleins Avoid You Like The Plague?*

**Sick of the chicks saying "Nix?" When you call for a date, is your shatzie out playing potsie? It could be your glockenspeil. Get with Gluck and change your luck. Turn 'em on to that Now Sound with a dynamite Gluck Glockenspeil, and watch how they all get very naughty when you pound out tunes from the Top Forty!**

**Available at all fine music stores and at the GLOCKENSPEILERAMA, in the Leipzig Shopping Mall take Exit 14 off Oxtrail 66.**

## FUNSVILLE UNLIMITED

Panic the classical music crowd with our hilarious bumper stickers and monogrammed T-shirts. Wear 'em or paste 'em on to the rear bumper of your carriage. They're a laugh riot and the hottest mail order items on the market. Here are only a few of our current, nation-wide best sellers:

Also such all time favorites as, **"The Toreador Song Is Bull-#$%&*!," "Jascha Heifitz Fiddles Around," "With A Name Like Camille Saint-Seans, No Wonder He's From Gay Paree!"**; and many many more. Send checks or money orders % this magazine. T-shirts $5 each. Bumper stickers 50¢ apiece ($475 with complete carriage ensemble*)

*This last offer not good in Roumania, Swabia, Luxemburg and other countries where the post office doesn't mail horses.

TO SEE OR NOT TO SEE DEPT.

# WILLIAM SHAKESPE

## STAR TREK
THE MOTION PICTURE

starring
WILLIAM SHATNER

"...CAPTAIN OF THIS RUIN'D BAND..."
Henry V
Act IV Pro.

"...WITH HIS FAT-BRAINED FOLLOWERS SO FAR OUT..."
Henry V
Act III Scene 7

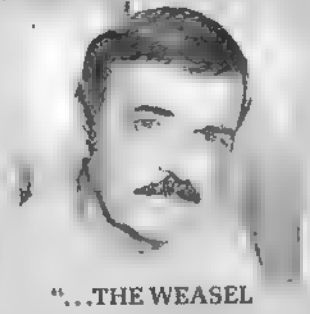
also starring
LEONARD NIMOY

"...WORN VULCAN..."
Titus Andronicus
Act II Scene 1

"...HE HAS NOT SO MUCH BRAIN AS EAR-WAX..."
Troilus and Cressida
Act V Scene 1

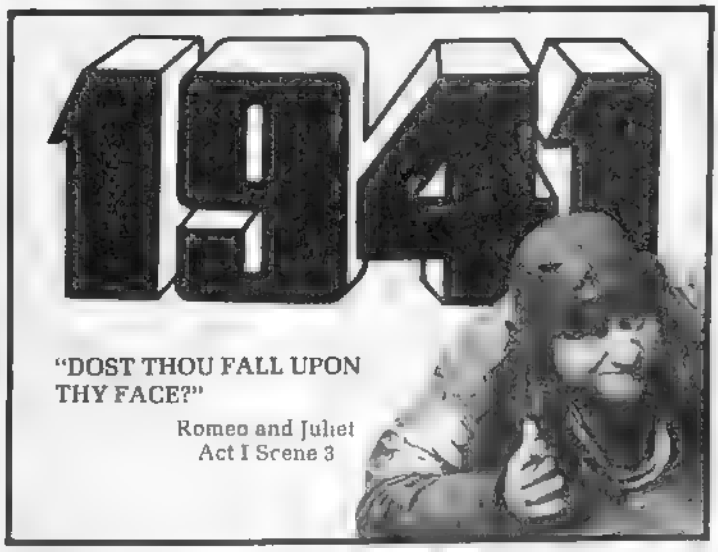
and featuring
DEFOREST KELLEY & JAMES DOOHAN

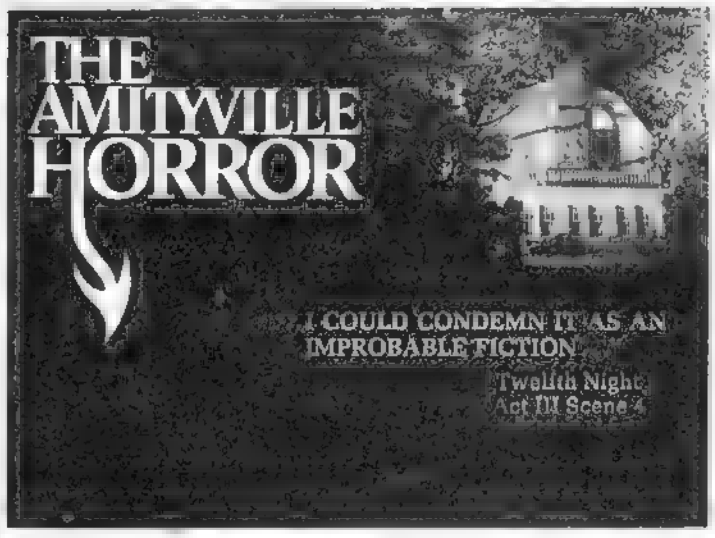
"...BONES, ILL-FAVORED..."
Henry V
Act V Scene 4



"...THE WEASEL SCOT..."
Henry V
Act I Scene 2

"BEARS NO IMPRESSION OF THE THING AS IT WAS."
Two Gentlemen From Verona
Act II Scene 4



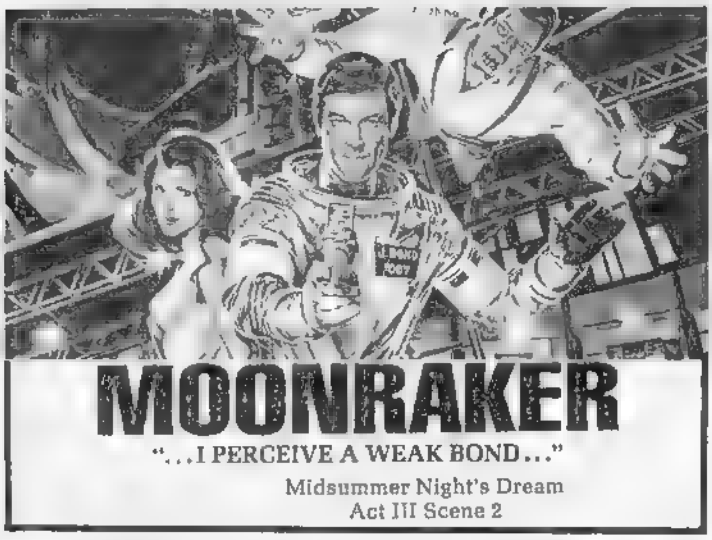
# ARE...MOVIE CRITIC

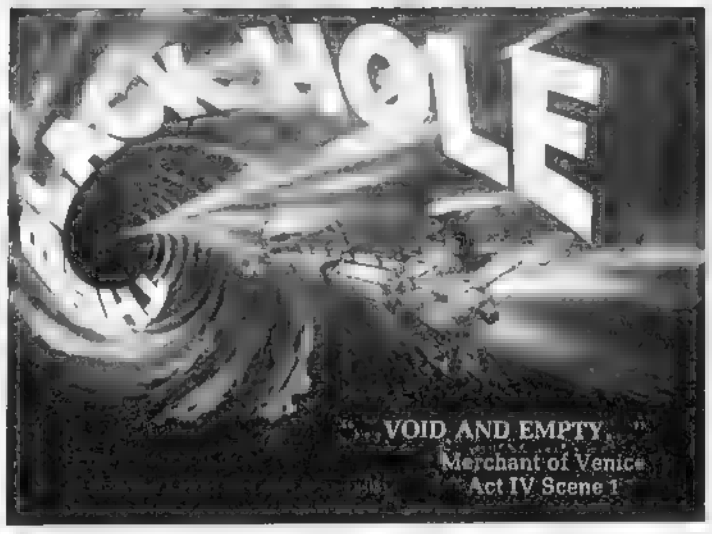
WRITER: HENRY CLARK

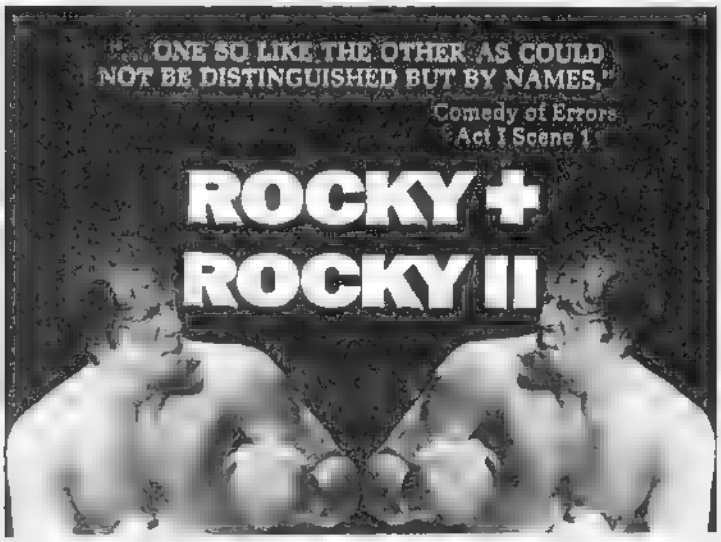
"O MOST LAME AND IMPOTENT CONCLUSION!"
Othello
Act II Scene 1

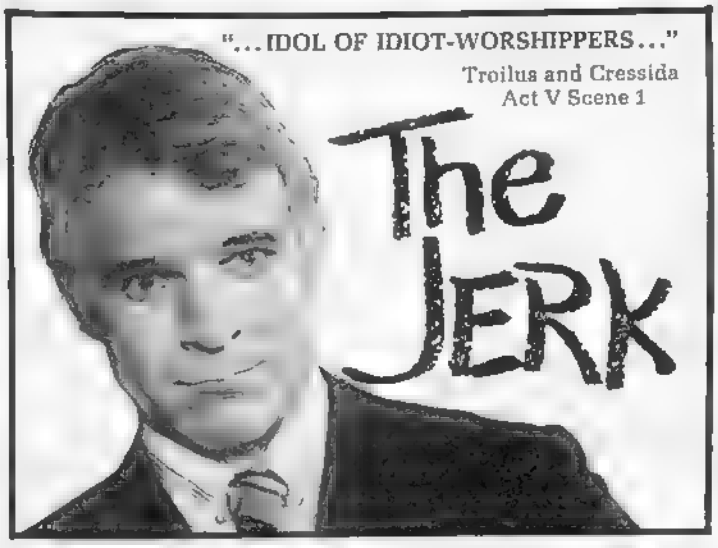
"THE SADDEST SPECTACLE THAT E'ER I VIEWED."
Henry IV Part II
Act II

Apocalypse Now



## GIFT HORSING AROUND DEPT.

In the old days, meaning more than three years ago, manufacturers and retailers would often give a buyer a "FREE GIFT" or "BONUS" with their product or service. If you were purchasing an Electric Drill, for example, the manufacturer might throw in a free set of Drill Bits. But with inflation choking our economy, manufacturers and retailers can no longer afford this practice. Instead, they are hyping as "Free Gifts" the things you'd ordinarily get anyway! Like f'rinstance this article, which we're throwing in as a FREE GIFT for buying the magazine, and contains some MAD examples of

# Bon

Schlock Deckle
INCLUDED AT NO EXTRA COST:
Instruction Booklet
Warranty Card
List Of Service Centers
Assorted Packing Materials Designed To Insure Your Chance Of Receiving The
Schlock & Deckle ELECTRIC DRILL In One Piece
THIS BOTTLE OF
Grepsi Cola
Includes A FREE SCREW-ON RE-USABLE CAP
Which You Can Use to Store Any Unused
GREPSI COLA
BUY A DOZEN EGGS AND TAKE THEM HOME IN A
FREE DECORATOR CARRYING CASE
IDEAL FOR PROTECTING YOUR PURCHASE DURING TRAVEL!
CONVENIENT FOR STORING EGGS IN YOUR REFRIGERATOR!
ATTRACTIVE TO NOSY PEOPLE WHO MIGHT PEEK INTO IT!
FREE!
WITH EVERY
PURCHASE!
An ELECTRONICALLY PRINTED CASH REGISTER RECEIPT!

# us Balonus

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

SCORE BORED DEPT.

For years, men have secretly expressed their reactions to women by rating them on a scale of 1-to-10. A while back, the movie "10" focused public attention on this national pastime, and immediately, howls of protest arose from Equal Rights groups, charging that the 1-to-10 grading system used by some males proved them even more chauvinistic and piglike than previously

# ON A SCALE

ARTIST: HARRY NORTH

ON A SCALE OF 1-TO-10 . . .

. . . Mononucleosis rates a 1, but the fun of being exposed to it rates a 10.

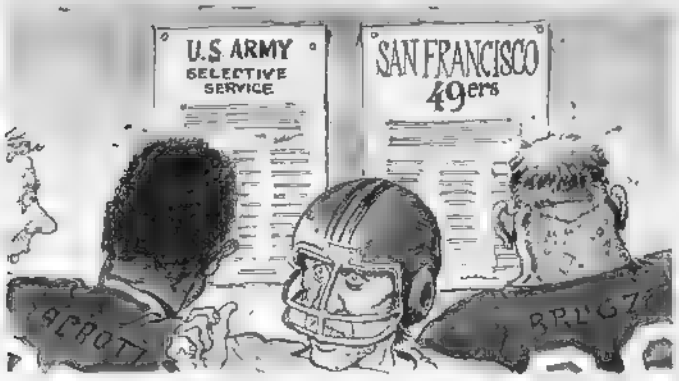
ON A SCALE OF 1-TO-10 . . .

. . . Cheryl Tiegs' acting ability rates 8 points lower than the rest of her.

ON A SCALE OF 1-TO-10 . . .

. . . Henry VIII never rated higher than a 2, despite all his efforts to be charming.

ON A SCALE OF 1-TO-10 . . .




. . . being drafted by the US Army rates only 1 point lower than being drafted by the San Francisco 49ers.

ON A SCALE OF 1-TO-10 . . .

. . . Annette Funicello's rating has dropped 1 full point every year since 1957, when she rated a 5.

ON A SCALE OF 1-TO-10 . . .

. . . Gary Coleman rates an 8, but should drop sharply as he gains height and loses cuteness.

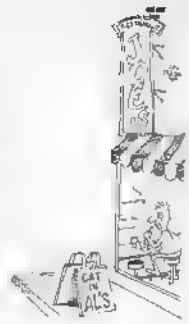
ON A SCALE OF 1-TO-10 . . .

. . . French poodles rate a 9 . . . but only in their own opinion.

ON A SCALE OF 1-TO-10 . . .

. . . eggs are incapable of rating higher than a 4, no matter how you cook them.

assumed. And MAD cannot argue with the girls on this point. However, we hasten to add that the rating game could be fun for all, rather than just humiliation for some. It quickly sheds its sexist implications once we all realize that the whole world is comprised of "Above Averages" and "Below Averages," which makes it possible to rate almost everything we encounter



# OF 1-TO-10

WRITER: TOM KOCH

ON A SCALE OF 1-TO-10 . . .

. . . Hugh Hefner's parties rate an 8 . . . and might rate even higher if Hugh didn't come.

ON A SCALE OF 1-TO-10 . . .

. . . everything in Texas, except for the Dallas Cowboys' cheerleaders, rates a 2.

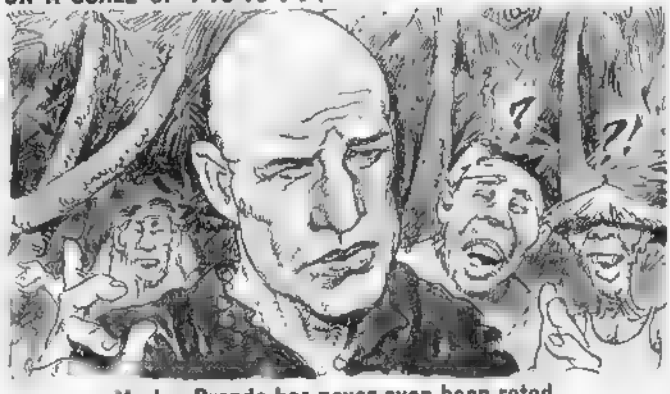
ON A SCALE OF 1-TO-10 . . .

. . . Ed McMahon rates 5 points below Johnny Carson, who rates a 4.

ON A SCALE OF 1-TO-10 . . .

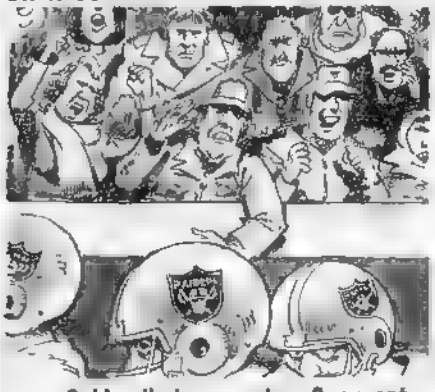
. . . Howard Cosell's intelligence might rate as high as a 6, if he could just learn to keep it to himself.

ON A SCALE OF 1-TO-10 . . .



. . . Marlon Brando has never even been rated . . . because no one can understand what he's saying.

ON A SCALE OF 1-TO-10 . . .

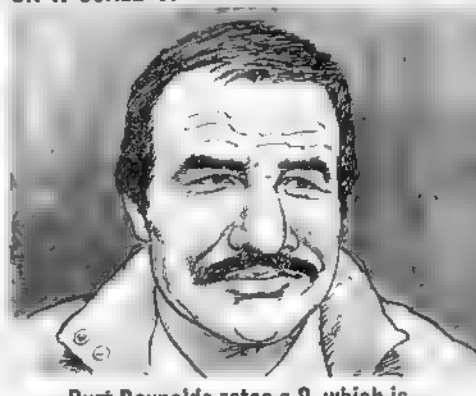


. . . Oakland's teams rate a 3, except in Oakland . . . where they rate a 1.

ON A SCALE OF 1-TO-10 . . .

. . . Militant Feminists rated a 3 until the novelty wore off and they dropped 5 points.

ON A SCALE OF 1-TO-10 . . .

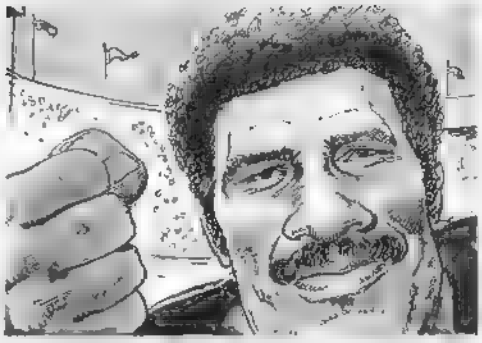


. . . Burt Reynolds rates a 9, which is odd because his movies all rate a 3.

ON A SCALE OF 1-TO-10 . . .

. . . the movie "10" rated about a 5.

ON A SCALE OF 1-TO-10 . . .



. . . Mean Joe Greene rates a 7, because he'll punch us silly if we give him anything less.

ON A SCALE OF 1-TO-10 . . .

. . . the entire 14th Century rates a 1.

ON A SCALE OF 1-TO-10 . . .

. . . John Connally, Howard Baker and Jerry Brown rate a 2— but only when you add all their individual ratings together.

ON A SCALE OF 1-TO-10 . . .

. . . Charo rates a 7, but only when she sticks to playing the guitar and doesn't say anything!

ON A SCALE OF 1-TO-10 . . .

. . . this season's most exciting TV detergent comparison test rates a 1.

ON A SCALE OF 1-TO-10 . . .

. . . People Magazine rates halfway between Modern Romances and the National Enquirer.

ON A SCALE OF 1-TO-10 . . .

. . . Richard Nixon, boiled turnips and 1964 Ramblers all rate about the same.

ON A SCALE OF 1-TO-10 . . .

. . . a comparison with more recent Presidents has enabled Millard Fillmore to zoom from a 1 to a 7.

ON A SCALE OF 1-TO-10 . . .

. . . Humphrey Bogart and W.C. Fields both rate 6 points higher than they did when they were alive.

JET SET FOR TAKE-OFF DEPT.

**Did you ever wonder what the wealthy, suave, beautiful people do besides hustle designer jeans on TV? Well, they spend most of their time partying, traveling, talking about sex, quipping unfunny one-liners and getting involved in murder! That is, if you believe the TV show that starts off each week with a gravelly voice saying:**

This is my boss, Jonapun Har! He's a self-made millionaire!
And this is his wife, Mrs. H.! She's gorgeous, and she really knows how to indulge herself!
Oh, yeah! My name is Lax! I take care of them both! Which is kinda ridiculous, even on TV! I mean, why would two successful adults need a baby sitter . . . ?
FURS
PLAYBOY
Incidentally, working for these two is sheer murder!
I mean, how would you like to have to listen to their constantly corny puns and one-liners?!
They think they're being witty and sophisticated
. . . while I'm suffering from

# HAR TO HAR

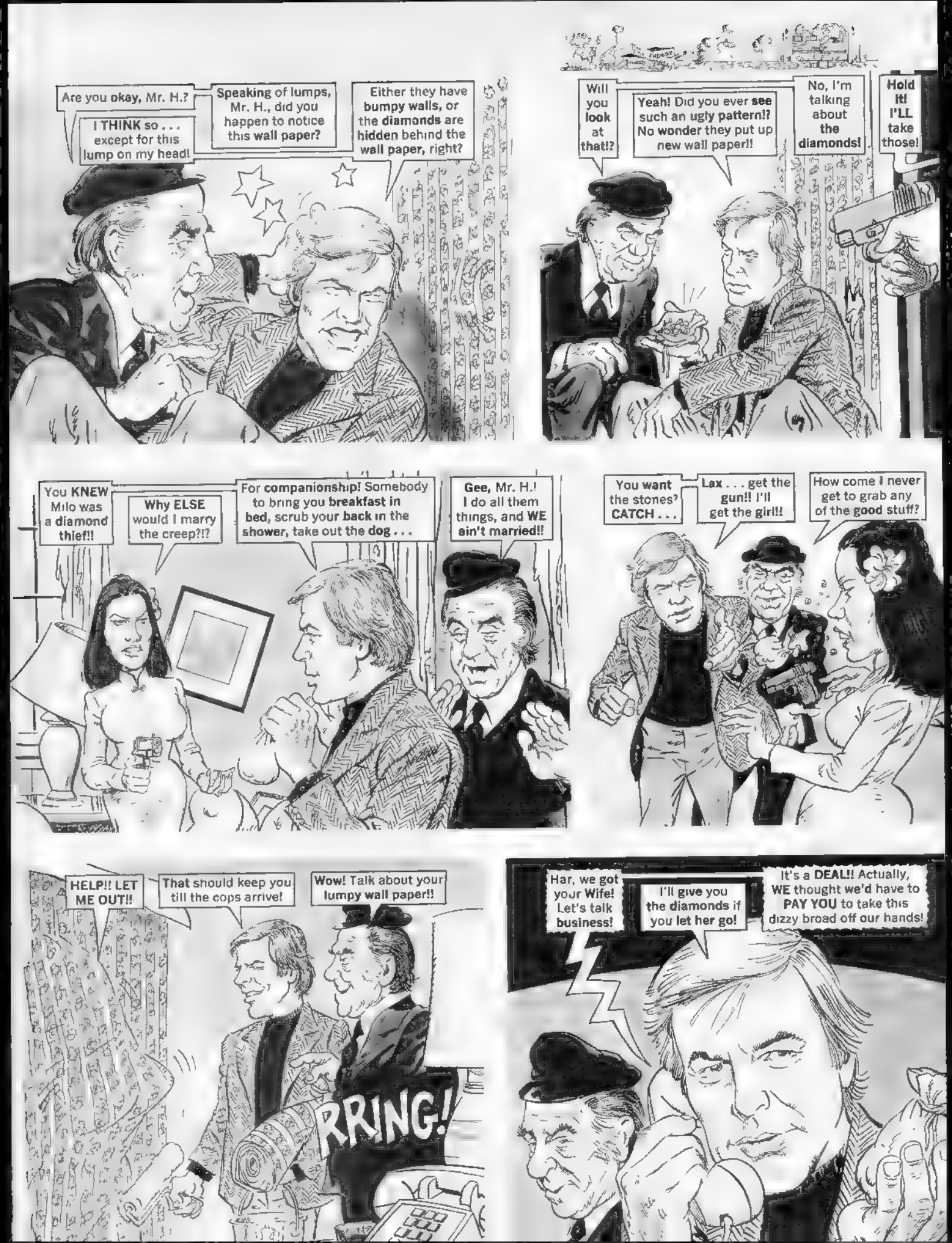
ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

Darling, this "See How The Other Half Lives" Party is a marvelous idea, but you didn't tell me it was a COSTUME AFFAIR!
These people ain't wearin' costumes, Mrs. H! That's how they dress!
Lax, why do they call this a "fast-food restaurant"? We've been here for ages and we haven't seen a WAITER or the WINE LIST!!
They don't have any!
No Wine List?!? Are you kidding?
And they ALSO ain't got no Waiters! It's SELF SERVICE!
How un-American!! Darling, let's go home and have a slumber party!
Hmmm! Sounds very sexy! But I'd like to EAT first! You know, Man doesn't live by broad alone!
I TOLD you working for these two is murder!
BURGER MAVEN

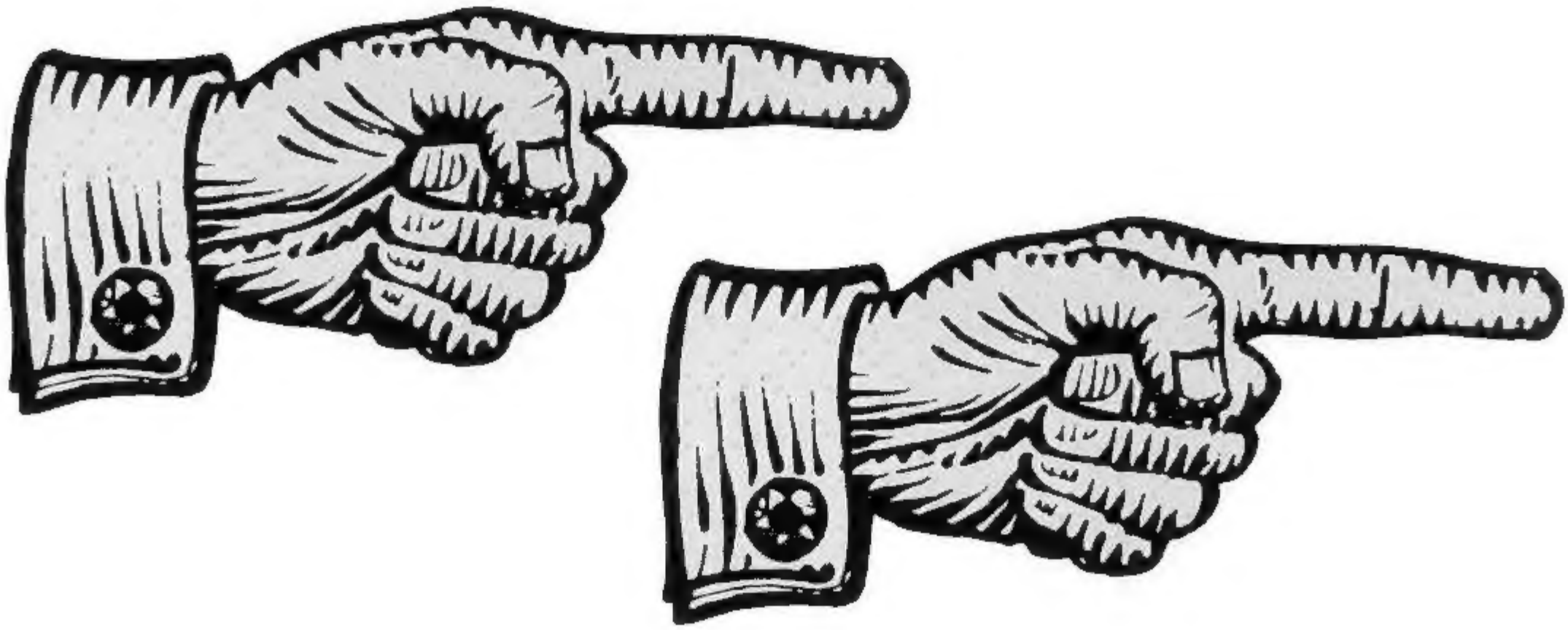
Okay, who owns the private jet plane parked outside?
What's the problem, officer? I PUT money in the meter!
Traffic's bad enough without airplanes! I'm giving you a ticket! What's your name?
I'm Jonapun Har! I'm a self-made millionaire!
I'm his Wife, Jenifun! I'm gorgeous . . . and I indulge myself!
My name is Lax! I take care of them both!
You folks are REPEATING yourselves!!
We can't help it! It's these dreadful Big Whatchyacallits we're eating!
Darling, how wonderful to be going to New York, New York for some Breakfast At Tiffany's and then Love In The Afternoon!
Boy, I wish at least ONE of those movies was playing on this plane! I'm so TIRED of watching re-runs of "Switch"!
We'll be making our final approach as soon as I get clearance!
Is there another plane ahead of us, Darling?
Not exactly! We have to wait for O.J. Simpson to land!
Darling, wait until you see the sexy nightgown I bought!
Does it have a famous designer label?
There isn't enough material to sew a label on it!
If you two ever made out as much as you TALK about, you'd NEVER get out of bed!
Why, KIM!! What are YOU doing in New York?
I'm here on my honeymoon! And I can't find my Husband! He—he's VANISHED!
He's probably dead! I mean, anyone who's on a honeymoon with THIS chick and disappears has GOT to be dead!!
Officer this lady's Husband is missing!
There s a lot of that going around! We've got a body in the morgue . . . !
Was your Husband Oriental . . . ?
No, Occidental!
DESK
And that's HIM! That's MILO!
His death wasn't Occidental! It was MURDER!
And so was that JOKE, Darling!
What makes you so sure he was murdered?
On this show, it's ALWAYS murder! And besides, there's a KNIFE sticking out of his back!

What did your Husband do?
They were on their honeymoon! What do you THINK he did?!
Did you know that your Husband was wanted in connection with a jewel heist? It's rumored that he double-crossed his partners, and split with all the diamonds!
So he was iced for the ice!
I never suspected that Milo was a thief! All I knew was he imported plaster statues!
PLASTER STATUES?! Let's check out his warehouse!
Do you think we'll find the diamonds there . . ?
No, actually I was hoping we'd find a PINK FLAMINGO for our front lawn!
Isn't it a little strange for a best-selling author and the head of a giant conglomerate to be breaking into a warehouse in the middle of the night??
Not on TV, it's not! Let's face it not many people are going to tune in to watch you TYPE, or me preside at a BOARD MEETING!
The diamonds are probably hidden in one of these statues!
How are we going to know which one?
Simple! Tollbooth, here, will sniff your bracelet to get the scent of diamonds, and then he'll smell the statues and pick a winner!
Darling, I hate to put a damper on your idea— but this one is a WASHOUT!
Yeah, Mr. H.! Your plan is ALL WET!
Et tu, Lax?!
Sorry! It's contagious!
I guess we'll just have to bust open every one of these statues, Mr. H.!
If Milo'd been a GOLFER, he might've hidden the loot in his Golf Course! Then, we'd be looking for diamonds in the rough!
BLAMM!! BLAMM!!
Everybody's a CRITIC!!

What's going ON here?!
Would you believe a fraternity initiation?
Let me warn you! This is a trained attack dog! Kill, Tollbooth! KILL!
Hmmm! So much for Man's best friend!!
PANT PANT
NOW that idiot dog attacks!!
Let go, you dumb mutt . . before I get SHOT!!
That wouldn't be so bad, Mr. H! Look what it did for J.R.'s rating!!
GRRRR
Thank God you're here! Look what happened!
I'd say you had a wild party, the gang was here looking for the stones, or you're a lousy housekeeper!!
Darling, that man might be one of the gang!
Hi . . . ! I'm the man from . .
I'll bet no OTHER corporate president can do this!!
He's the INSURANCE ADJUSTER!!
Sorry about that!
Forget it! Besides, her policy doesn't cover the apartment being wrecked by a wild party, OR a gang looking for stolen diamonds, OR being a lousy housekeeper!!
Darling, LAX took Kim to our place . . . which means we're all alone!
Yeah? Then who are THOSE TWO . . . Peter Pan and Tinker BELL . . . ?
Give us the stones . . . or we BLOW the lady AWAY!
That's no lady!
That's my Wife!!
Let's take this clown for a ride!
No!
Take my Wife!
Please!
SPLAT
Let's take the dame and split! He's gonna be out for a while!
Oh? WHO's he gonna be out WITH . . . ?


Are you okay, Mr. H.?
I THINK so . . . except for this lump on my head!
Speaking of lumps, Mr. H., did you happen to notice this wall paper?
Either they have bumpy walls, or the diamonds are hidden behind the wall paper, right?
Will you look at that!?
Yeah! Did you ever see such an ugly pattern!? No wonder they put up new wall paper!!
No, I'm talking about the diamonds!
Hold it! I'LL take those!
You KNEW Milo was a diamond thief!!
Why ELSE would I marry the creep?!?
For companionship! Somebody to bring you breakfast in bed, scrub your back in the shower, take out the dog . . .
Gee, Mr. H.! I do all them things, and WE ain't married!!
You want the stones? CATCH . . .
Lax . . . get the gun!! I'll get the girl!!
How come I never get to grab any of the good stuff?
HELP!! LET ME OUT!!
That should keep you till the cops arrive!
Wow! Talk about your lumpy wall paper!!
RRING!
Har, we got your Wife! Let's talk business!
I'll give you the diamonds if you let her go!
It's a DEAL!! Actually, WE thought we'd have to PAY YOU to take this dizzy broad off our hands!

Where to, Mr. H.?
They're holding Jenifun in a junk-yard in Hoboken!
No kiddin'?! Usually, when she's kidnapped, they take her to some exotic place so we can have an exciting ski chase sequence, or an underwater scuba diving scene!
Here are the diamonds! Let my wife go!
FIRST we get our hands on the stones! THEN we let her go!
Mrs. H., while they're doing the old, "No, You First" routine, JUMP!!
HOBOKEN JUNK AND GARBAGE BOUTIQUE
1 HAR
Lucky I wore my jump suit today!
HALP!
Gentlemen, you are about to have an uplifting experience! I hope you enjoy your "high" until the police get here!
The financial world was stunned today by the news that Har Industries has filed for bankruptcy! According to insiders, the reason for the failure of the giant conglomerate was the continued absence of its playboy president, Jonafun Har!
Mr. Har had been dipping heavily into the company funds to finance his jet set pursuits like traveling . . . partying . . . murder . . . and talking about sex!
Did you hear that, Darling? We're BROKE!
Not to worry, folks! I got a few bucks in the bank! I made some good investments, and I sold my Har Industries stock at the top! So you could say I'm rich! We'll just go on living in the same house . . . !
Lax, dear, you are a treasure!
Of course, there'll be some minor changes . . .
Will you be needing the car tonight, Sir?
Here is your cocktail, Mr. Lax!
Boy, THIS is the life! I only wish all the OTHER faithful servants like Tonto, Cato and Sancho Panza could see me now!!



***Nothing to see here!***

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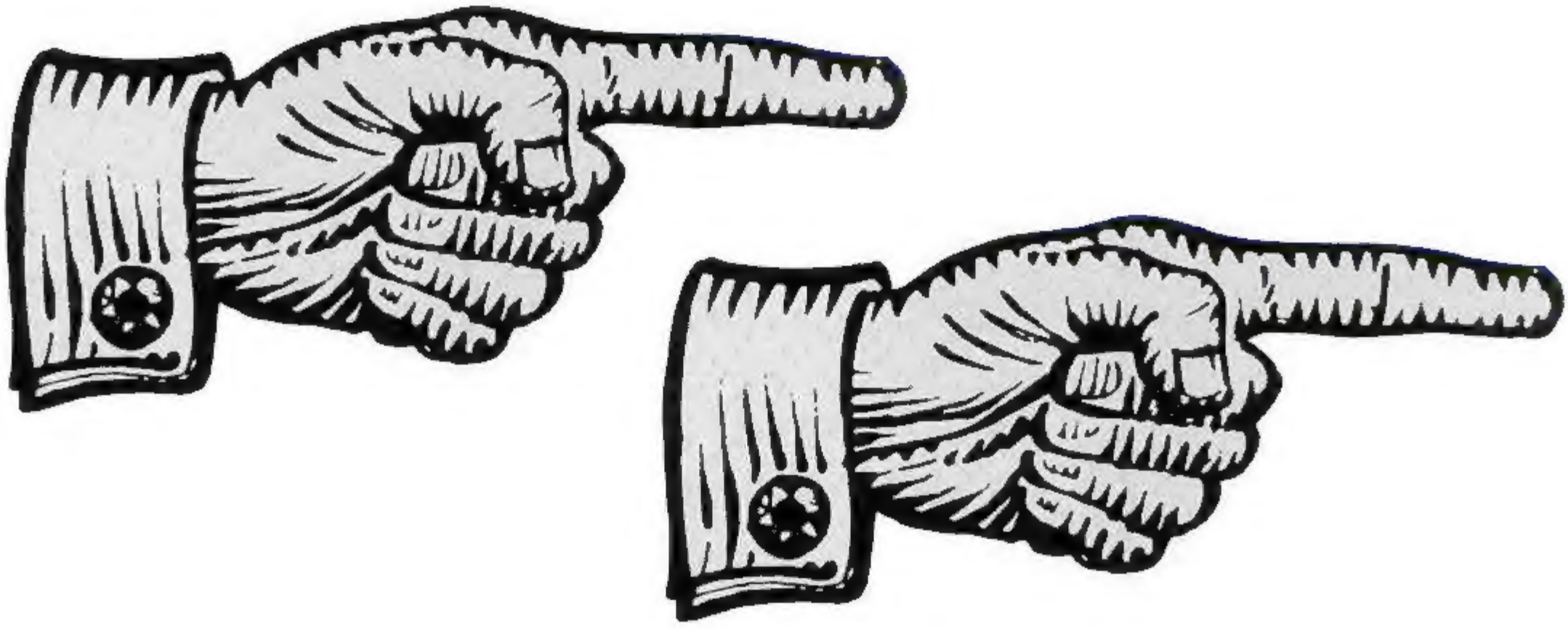


# HOW DO TODAY'S CROOKS REALLY STRIKE IT RICH?

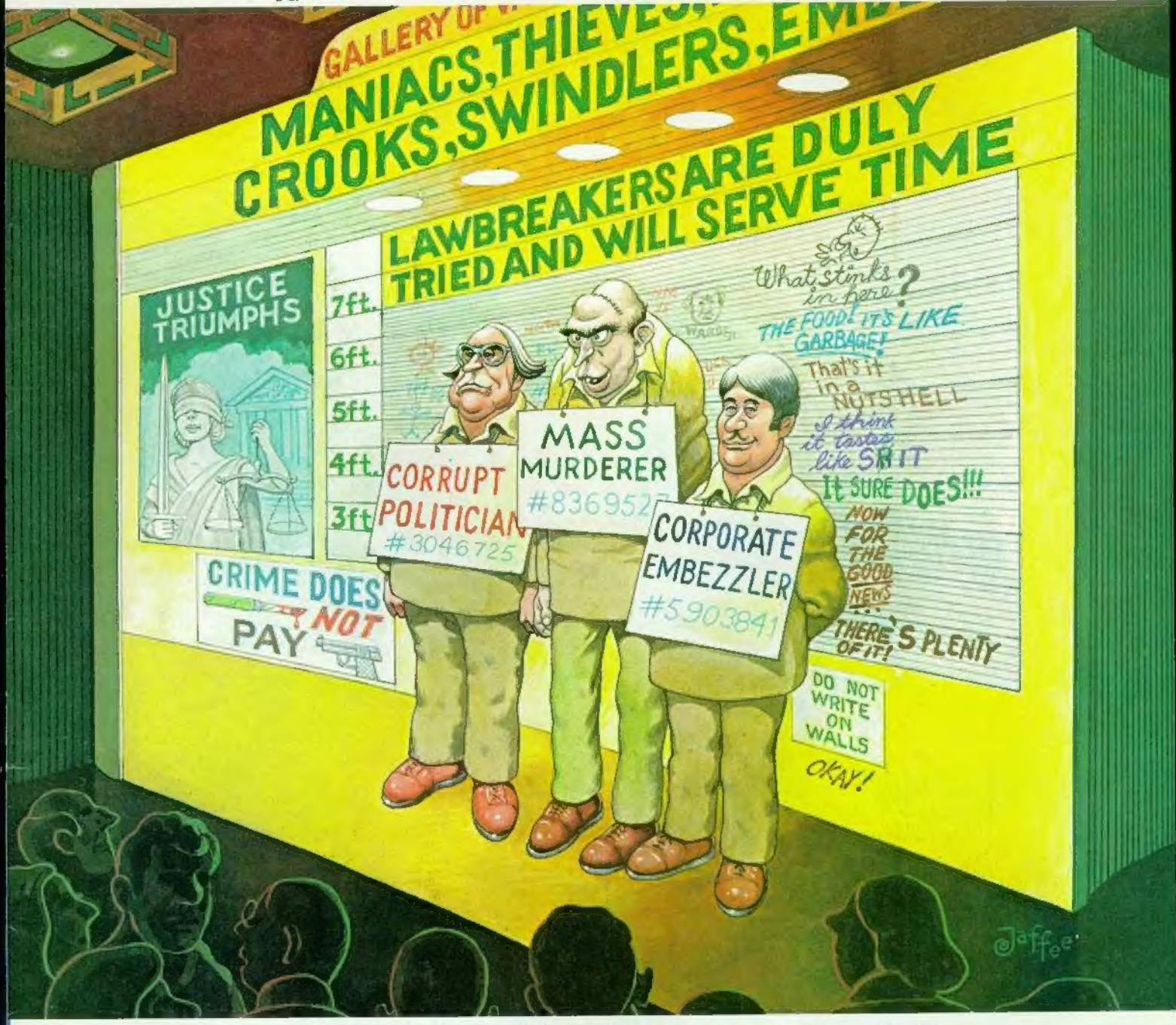
## HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

# MAD FOLD-IN

From the time we were old enough to understand, we were all taught that breaking the law does not pay because it leads to shame and punishment. However, lately we've noticed that this is quite the opposite for some lawbreakers. To find out how they're making out, fold in page.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

(A) FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT (B) FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"




ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

FREE WHEELING LAWBREAKERS SEEM TO FACE DOOM BY GETTING CAUGHT. BUT LATELY, MANY A CROOK SAYS THERE ARE HUGE PROFITS IN THIEVING ROLES

(A) (B)

# HOW DO TODAY'S CROOKS REALLY STRIKE IT RICH?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

MY CRIME

JUSTICE TRIUMPHS?

LIKE HELL IT DOES!!!

CRIME PAYS PLENTY

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

FROM BOOK SALES
A B

ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES